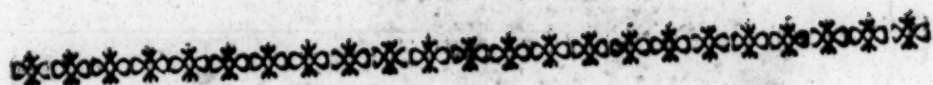


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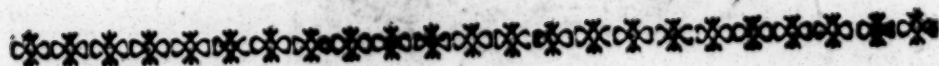
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B Y

ROBERT BURNS.

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M,DCC,LXXXVII.



Entered in Stationer's Hall.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

A Scottish Bard, proud of the name, and
whose highest ambition is to sing in
his Country's service, where shall he so
properly look for patronage as to the illustri-
ous Names of his native Land ; those who
bear the honours and inherit the virtues of
their

their Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough ; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue : I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection : I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual stile of dedication, to thank you for past favours ; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours : I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious

ous Countrymen ; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated ; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party ; and may Social-joy await your return ! When harassed in courts or camps with the justlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats ; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates ! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance ; and may tyranny in the
Ruler

(viii)

Ruler and licentiousness in the People equally find you an inexorable foe !

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH,

April 4. 1787.

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P O E M S,

C H I E F L Y

S C O T T I S H.

T H E

T W A D O G S,

A

T A L E.

'T W A S in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King*
Coil,

Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

A

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
 Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure ;
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad,
 Whare failors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brads collar
 Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
 But tho' he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride na pride had he,
 But wad hae spent an hour careffin,
 Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messin :
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
 Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er fae duddie,
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,



After some dog in Highland fang *,
Was made lang fyne, lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place ;
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit ;
Whyles mice and moudieworts they howkit ;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion ;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They sat them down upon their a—,
An' there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation*.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

C Æ S A R.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
 What fort o' life poor dogs like you have;
 An' when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents:
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His flunkies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonie, filken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the stecks,
 The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roastin, fryin, boiling;
 An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
 Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
 Wi' fauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our Whipper-in, wee, blastit wonner,
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,

Better than ony tenant man
 His Honor has in a' the lan' :
 An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't e-
 nough ;
 A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry, an' sic like,
 Himfel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' fair disasters,
 Like los's o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger :
 But how it comes, I never kend yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;

An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C Æ S A R.

But then, to see how ye're neglectit,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeckit !
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as faucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

L U A T H.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad think ;
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're ay in lefs or mair provided ;
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs ;
 They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,

Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in *Lon'on*.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, ranting Kirns,
When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty wins ;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
The cantie, auld folks, crackin crouse,
The young anes ranting thro' the house—
My heart has been fae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd ;

There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawfont folk,
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favor wi' some gentle Master,
 Wha ablins thrang a parliamentin,
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin——

C Æ S A R.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
For Britain's guid ! guid faith ! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' faying *aye* or *no* 's they bid him :
 At Operas an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading :
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* taks a waft,
 To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;

Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
 To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian *Vista* startles,
 Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles :
 Then boufes drumlie German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival Signioras.

For Britain's guid ! for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction !

L U A T H.

Hech man ! dear firs ! is that the gate
 They waste fae mony a braw estate !
 Are we fae foughten and harafs'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last !

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
 Fient haet o' them 's ill hearted fellows ;

Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer,
 Or shootin o' a hare or moorcock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,
 Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

C Æ S A R.

L--d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' Winter's cauld, or Simmer's heat;
 They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes;
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,
 That when nae real ills perplex them,
 They mak enow themselves to vex them;

An' ay the less they hae to flurt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh ;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel :
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,
Their nights, unquiet, lang, and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The Men cast out in party matches,
Then fowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman ;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night :
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtin i' the loan ;
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
 An' each took aff his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

S C O T C H D R I N K.

*Gie him strong drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care:
 There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6. 7.

L E T other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drucken
Bacchus,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice *Scotch bear* can mak us,
 In glafs or jug.

O thou, my *Muse*! guid, auld *Scotch*
Drink!

Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee, *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,

When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ;
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screevin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear ;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care ;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor fair,
At's weary toil ;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, filler weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The poor man's wine ;
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts ;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants ?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the faunts,
By thee inspir'd,

When gaping they besiege the *tents*,
Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in !
Or reekin on a New-year mornin
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
An' gufty fucker !

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare ! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' th' lugget caup !
Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel ;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinfome clamour.

C

When fkirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the goffips clatter bright,
How fumbling Cuifs their Dearies fligit,
Wae worth the name !
Nae Howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' juist as wud as wud can be,
How eafy can the *barley-brie*
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason !
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter feason,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *brandy*, burning trash !
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken haff
O' half his days ;
An' fends, 'beside, auld *Scotland's* cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like mysel,
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' four disdain,
Out owre a glafs o' *Whisky punch*
Wi' honest men !

O *Whisky* ! foul o' plays an' pranks !
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks !
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verses !

Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—— !

Thee *Ferintosh* ! O sadly lost !
Scotland lament frae coast to coast !
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a' ;
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *whisky stells* their prize !
Haud up thy han' Deil ! ance, twice, thrice !
There, seize the blinkers !
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d--n'd drinkers.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
Hale brecks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*,

*To the Right Honourable and Honourable,
the Scotch Representatives in the House
of Commons.*

*Dearest of Distillation! last and best!—
—How art thou lost!—*

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha *represent* our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In Parliament,
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent.

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her fittin on her a—

Low i' the dust,
An' screechin out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust !

Tell them whae hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' *me's* in great affliction,
E'er fin' they laid that curst restriction

On *Aquavita* ;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon *Premier Youth*
The honest, open, naked truth :

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
His servants humble :
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom ?
Speak out an' never fash your thumb !

Let posts an' pensions sink or loom

Wi' them wha grant 'em:

If honestly they canna come,

Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na flack;

Now stand as tightly by your tack:

Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,

An' hum an' haw,

But raise your arm, an' tell your crack

Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin owre her thrisle;

Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whisle;

An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a busle,

Seizin a *Stell*,

Triumphant crushin't like a mussel

Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,

A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,

An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,

Colleaguin join,

Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' *Scot*,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's *pot*,
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' fight!
But could I like *Montgomeries* fight,
Or gab like *Boswell*,
There's some fark-necks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God blefs your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,
Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' with rhetoric clause on clause
To mak harangues ;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'fe warran ;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran* ;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
The Laird o' *Graham* ;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,
Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
True *Campbells*, *Frederick* an' *Ilay* ;
An' *Livistone*, the bauld *Sir Willie* ;
An' monie ithers,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her *kettle* !

D

Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
Anither fang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
Play'd her that pliskie !)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
I' th' first she meets !

For G-d fake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed,

An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks ;
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks !
E'en cove the cadie !
An' send him to his dicing box
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,
I'll be his debt twa mawhlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld *Nanse Tinnock's* *
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
I'll pledge my aith in gude braid Scotch,
He need na fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*,
where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of gude
auld *Scotch Drink*.

Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue ;
She's just a devil wi' a rung ;
An' if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen *Five-and-Forty*,
May still your Mither's heart support ye ;
Then, tho' a Minister grow dorty,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
Wi' fowps o' kail an' brats o' claife,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St *Jamie's* !
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe an' frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shoulder ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,

Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a throw-
ther,

To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotchman* frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal *George's* will,

An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease
him;

Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;

An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,

An' physically causes seek,
In clime an' season,

But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;
Freedom and *Whisky* gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram !

T H E

H O L Y F A I R *.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE,

I.

UPON a fimmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.

* *Holy Fair* is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

The rising sun, owre *Galfon* muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin ;
The hares were hirplin down the furs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightfomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three Hizzies, early at the road,
Cam skelpin up the way.
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining ;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form, an' claes ;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' four as ony flaes :

E

The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As foon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me ;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hauns,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commauns
 ' A screed some day,

V.

‘ My name is *Fun*—your cronie dear,
 ‘ The nearest friend ye hae ;
 ‘ An’ this is *Superstition* here,
 ‘ An’ that’s *Hypocrisy*.

‘ I’m gaun to ***** *Holy fair*,
‘ To spend an hour in daffin :
‘ Gin ye’ll go there, yon runkl’d pair,
‘ We will get famous laughin
‘ At them this day.’

VI.

Quoth I, ‘ With a’ my heart, I’ll do’t ;
‘ I’ll get my Sunday’s fark on,
‘ An’ meet you on the holy spot ;
‘ Faith, we’se hae fine remarkin !’
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An’ soon I made me ready ;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi’ monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cotters ;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin owre the gutters.

The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
 In filks an' scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An' *farls*, bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gath'rin ;
 Some carryin dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'rin
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry,
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twa-three wh—res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.

Here fits a raw o' tittlin jads,
Wi' heaving breast an' bare neck ;
An' there, a batch o' wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae K*****ck
For *fun* this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkin on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither fighs an' prays :
On this hand fits a Chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ;
On that, a set o' Chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkin on the lassies
To chairs that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' blest !
Nae wonder that it pride him !
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him !

Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him ;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation ;
For ***** speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t--n.
Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang fons o' G—present him,
The vera sight o' *****'s face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin !

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day !

XIV.

But hark ! the *tent* has chang'd it's voice ;
'There's peace an' rest nae langer ;
For a' the *real judges* rise,
They canna fit for anger.
***** opens out his cauld harangues,
On practice and on morals ;
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of moral pow'rs an' reason ?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.

Like *Socrates* or *Antonine*,
 Or some auld pagan Heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum;
 For *****, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate* *
 Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee ***** nieft, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:

* A street so called, which faces the *tent* in ———.

But faith ! the birkie wants a Manse,
So, cannilie he hums them ;
Altho' his carnal wit an' sence
Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators :
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' there the pint-ftowp clatters ;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gi'es us mair
Than either School or Colledge :
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.

F

Be't whisky gill or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our notion,
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lassies, blythely bent
To mind baith faul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the toddy.
On this ane's drefs, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations ;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' formin affignations
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairin,
An' echos back return the shouts ;
Black ***** is na sparín :

His piercing words, like Highlan fwords,
Divide the joints an' marrow ;
His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera 'Sauls does harrow *'
Wi' fright that day !

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Fill'd fou o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roaring,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snoring
Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist :

* Shakespeare's Hamlet,

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms an' benches ;
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gaucie, gash Guidwife,
 An' fits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,
 The lassies they are shyer.
 The auld Guidmen, about the *grace*,
 Frae fide to fide they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them't, like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks ! for him that gets nae las,
 Or lassies that hae naething !
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing !

O Wives be mindfu' ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day !

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow an' croon ;
Some fwagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At flaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon :
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' Sinners and o' Lasses !
Their hearts o' stane gin night are gane,
As fast as ony flesh is.

There's some are fou o' love divine ;
There's some are fou o' brandy ;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie
Some ither day.

(55)

D E A T H

A N D

DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A

T R U E S T O R Y.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never
penn'd:

Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,

In holy rapture,

Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,

And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true 's the Deil 's in h-ll,
Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising Moon began to glow
The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre ;
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I fet mysel,
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's mill*,

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me ficker ;
 Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
 That pat me in an eerie fwither ;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
 Clear-dangling, hang ;
 A three-tae'd leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queereft shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava,
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

' Guid-een,' quo' I ; ' Friend ! hae ye been
 ' mawin,
 ' When ither folk are bufy sawin * ?'

* This rencounter happened in seed-time 1785.

It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak ;
At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,
' Will ye go back ?'

It spak right howe—' My name is *Death*,
' But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, ' Guid faith,
' Ye're maybe come to flap my breath ;
' But tent me, billie ;
' I red ye weel, tak care o' fkaith,
' See, there's a gully !'

' Gudeman,' quo' he, ' put up your whittle,
' I'm no design'd to try its mettle ;
' But if I did, I wad be kittle
' To be mislear'd,
' I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
' Out-owre my beard.'

' Weel, weel !' says I, ' a bargain be't ;
' Come, gies your hand, an' fae we're gree't ;
' We'll ease our shanks an' tak a feat,
' Come, gies your news !'

‘ This while * ye hae been mony a gate,
‘ At mony a house.’

‘ Ay, ay !’ quo’ he, an’ shook his head,
‘ It’s e’en a lang, lang time indeed
‘ Sin I began to nick the thread,
‘ An’ choke the breath :
‘ Folk maun do something for their bread,
‘ An’ fae maun *Death*.

‘ Sax thousand years are near hand fled
‘ Sin’ I was to the butching bred,
‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
‘ To flap or scar me ;
‘ Till ane Hornbook’s † ta’en up the trade,
‘ And faith, he’ll waur me.

‘ Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i’ the Clachan,
‘ Deil mak his king’s-hood in a spleuchan !

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† This gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is, professionally, a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula ; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary, Surgeon, and Phyfician.

‘ He’s grown fae weel acquaint wi’ *Buchan**,
‘ And ither chaps,
‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
‘ And pouk my hips.

‘ See, here’s a scythe, and there’s a dart,
‘ They hae pierc’d mony a gallant heart ;
‘ But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi’ his art
‘ And cursed skill,
‘ Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
‘ D--n’d haet they’ll kill!

‘ ’Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
‘ I threw a noble throw at ane ;
‘ Wi’ less, I’m sure, I’ve hundreds slain ;
‘ But deil-ma-care !
‘ It just play’d dirl on the bane,
‘ But did nae mair.

‘ *Hornbook* was by, wi’ ready art,
‘ And had fae fortify’d the part,
‘ That when I looked to my dart,
‘ It was fae blunt,

* *Buchan’s Domestic Medicine.*

' Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
' Of a kail-runt.

' I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
' I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
' But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
' Withstood the shock;
' I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
' O' hard whin-rock.

' Ev'n them he canna get attended,
' Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
' Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it,
' As soon 's he smells 't,
' Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
' At once he tells 't.

' And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
' Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
' A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
' He's sure to hae;
' Their Latin names as fast he rattles
' As A B C.

' Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees ;
 ' True Sal-marinum o' the seas ;
 ' The Farina of beans and pease,
 ' He has't in plenty ;
 ' Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 ' He can content ye.

' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 ' Urinus Spiritus of capons ;
 ' Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 ' Distill'd *per se* ;
 ' Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
 ' And mony mae.'

' Waes me for *Johnny Ged's-Hole* * now,
 Quoth I, ' if that thae news be true !
 ' His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 ' Sae white an' bonie,
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew ;
 ' They'll ruin *Johnie* !¹

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
 And says, ' Ye needna yoke the pleugh,

* The grave-digger.

‘ Kirk-yards will soon be till’d eneugh,
 ‘ Tak ye nae fear :
‘ They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony a sheugh,
 ‘ In twa-three year.

‘ Whare I kill’d ane, a fair strae-death,
‘ By los o’ blood, or want o’ breath,
‘ This night I’m free to tak my aith,
 ‘ That *Hornbook*’s skill
‘ Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
 ‘ By drap and pill.

‘ An honest Wabster to his trade,
‘ Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce weel-
 ‘ bred,
‘ Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
 ‘ When it was fair ;
‘ The wife flade cannie to her bed,
 ‘ But ne’er spak mair.

‘ A countra Laird had ta’en the batts,
‘ Or some curmurring in his guts,
‘ His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ‘ And pays him well,

‘ The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
‘ Was Laird himsel.

‘ A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
‘ Some ill-brewn drink had hov’d her wame,
‘ She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
‘ In *Hornbook’s* care ;
‘ *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
‘ To hide it there.

‘ That’s just a swatch o’ *Hornbook’s* way,
‘ Thus goes he on from day to day,
‘ Thus does he poison, kill, an’ flay,
‘ An’s weel pay’d for’t ;
‘ Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prøy,
‘ Wi’ his d-mn’d dirt !

‘ But hark ! I’ll tell you of a plot,
‘ Tho’ dinna ye be speakin o’t ;
‘ I’ll nail the self-conceited Sot,
‘ As dead’s a herrin :
‘ Nienst time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,
‘ He gets his fairin !’

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee, short hour ayont the *twal*,
Which rais'd us baith :
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did *Death*.

H

(66)

T H E

B R I G S O F A Y R.

A P O E M.

*Inscribed to J. B*****, Esq; AYR.*

TH E simple Bard, rough at the rustic
plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green
thorn bush,
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast
thrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling
o'er the hill ;

Shall he, nurs'd in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's
 field,

Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swifs of rhymes?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely
 sings,

And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the
 strings,

He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great his dear re-
 ward.

Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble
 name,

And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom
 swells,

The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-
 hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won
 crap ;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-
 toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious
 spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive,
 waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the
 weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone
 reek :
 The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Na-
 ture's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :

(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow
springs ;

Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang
tree :

The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-
tide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton
in the rays.

'Twas in that season ; when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
And down by *Simpson's* * wheel'd the left
about :

(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate ;

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.

Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor
why)

The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* * had number'd
two,

And *Wallace Tow'r* * had sworn the fact
was true :

The tide-swoln Firth, with fullen-sounding
roar,

Through the still night dash'd hoarse along
the shore :

All else was hush'd as Nature's clos'd e'e ;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and
tree :

The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering
stream.—

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning
Bard,

The clanging fugh of whistling wings is
heard ;

* The two steeples.

Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight
air,

Swift as the *Gos* * drives on the wheeling
hare ;

Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape up-
rears,

The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :

Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd

The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr*
preside.

(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,

And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;

Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can ex-
plain them,

And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken
them).

Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,

The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :

He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,

Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.

New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,

That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got ;

* The gos-hawk, or falcon.

In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a
 bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious
 fearch,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
 It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
 Wi' thievelefs sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guid-
 een——

A U L D B R I G.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae
 sheep-shank,
 Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to
 bank !
 But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
 Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never
 see ;
 There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a
 boddle,
 Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little menſe,
 Juſt much about it wi' your ſcanty ſenſe;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a
 ſtreet,

Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when
 they meet,

Your ruin'd, formleſs bulk o' ſtane and
 lime,

Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time?
 There's men of taſte wou'd tak the *Ducat-
 ſtream**,

Tho' they ſhould caſt the vera fark and
 ſwim,

E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the
 view

Of ſic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

* A noted ford, juſt above the Auld Brig.

A U L D B R I G.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an'
 tide ;

And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn!
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye bet-
 ter.

When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
 When from the hills where springs the
 brawling *Gail*,

Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland
 course,

Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists*, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.

Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting
 thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo
 rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring
 speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the
 gate ;
 And from *Glenbuck* *, down to the *Ratton-*
key †,
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling
 sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never
 rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pour-
 ing skies.
 A lesson fadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

* The source of the river of Ayr.

† A small landing-place above the large key.

NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't
o't!

The L—d be thankit that we've tint the
gate o't!

Gaunt, ghaftly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipi-
ces;

O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring
coves,

Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures
drest,

With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bend-
ed knee,

And still the *second dread command* be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in
air, or sea.

Manfions that would disgrace the building-
tafte

Of any mafon reptile, bird, or beaft ;

Fit only for a doited Monkifh race,

Or frofty maids forfwn the dear em-
brace,

Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the no-
tion,

That fullen gloom was fterling, true devo-
tion :

Fancies that our guid Brugh denies pro-
tection,

And foon may they expire, unbleft with
refurrection !

A U L D B R I G.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yeal-
ings,

Were ye but here to fhare my wounded
feelings !

Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,

Wha in the paths o' righteoufnefs did toil
ay ;

Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveners*,
To whom our moderns are but causey-
cleaners ;

Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your *burdies* to the *smi-*
ters ;

And (what would now be strange) ye *god-*
ly Writers :

A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or
do !

How would your spirits groan in deep vex-
ation,

To see each melancholy alteration ;
And, agonising, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's
glory,

In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain,
braid story :

Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;

But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gen-
try,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by
Barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d
new Brigs and Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said
enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to
through.
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle :
But, under favor o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a
handle
To mouth ' A Citizen,' a term o' scandal :

Nae mair the Council waddles down the
street,

In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;

Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an'
raisins,

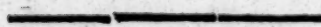
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seis-
fins.

If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,

Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his
lamp,

And would to Common-sense for once be-
tray'd them,

Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid
them.



[What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to
shed,

No man can tell ; but, all before their fight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright :

Adown the glittering stream they featly
danc'd ;

Bright to the moon their various dresses
glanc'd :

They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their
feet :

While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties
fung.

O had *M^cLauchlan* *, thairm-inspiring
Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band
engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore
with Highland rage ;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting
airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares ;

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the
violin.

How would his Highland lug been nobler
 fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer
 touch inspir'd !
 No guess could tell what instrument ap-
 pear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the
 heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the
 ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with
 Spring ;
 Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came
 Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming
 eye :

All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nod-
 ding corn ;

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did
 hoary show,

By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

Next follow'd Courage with his martial
 stride,

From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts
 hide :

Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,

A female form, came from the tow'rs of
Stair :

Learning and Worth in equal measures
 trode,

From simple *Catrine*, their long lov'd abode :

Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a
 hazle wreath,

To rustic Agriculture did bequeath

The broken, iron instruments of Death,

At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their
 kindling wrath.

T H E
O R D I N A T I O N.

*For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob they hide the little giv'n.*

I.

K ***** Wabsters, fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations ;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations ;
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a,
An' there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to *B-gb--'s* in a raw,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder * ;
But O***** aft made her yell,
An' R***** fair misca'd her :
This day M***** taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud' her !
He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
An' fet the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day.

III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor :
This day the Kirk kicks up a floure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr L. — to the *Laigh Kirk*.

For Herefy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless *Ham* * leugh at his Dad,
Which made *Canaan* a niger ;
Or *Phineas* † drove the murdering blade,
Wi' wh-re-aborring rigour ;
Or *Zipporah* ‡, the scauldin jad,
Was like a bluidy tiger
I' th' inn that day,

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,

* Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.

† Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.

‡ Exodus, ch. iv. vers. 25.

That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
He takes but for the fashion ;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression ;
Especial, *rams* that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,
Spare them nae day.

VI.

Now auld K*****, cock thy tail,
An' tofs thy horns fu' canty ;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty ;
For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' *runts* o' *grace* the pick an' wale,
No gi'en by way o' dainty
But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
To think upon our *Zion* ;

And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

VIII.

Lang, *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *F-nw-ck*, fair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our Patron, honest man ! *Gl******,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And like a godly, elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And found this day.

IX.

Now *R****** harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever ;

Or try the wicked town of A**,
For there they'll think you clever ;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a Shaver ;
Or to the *N-th-rt-n* repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

X.

M***** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones ;
Auld *Hornie* did the *Laigh Kirk* watch,
Just like a winkin baudrons :
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons ;
But now his Honor maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
Fast, fast this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city !

L

Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !

I vow it's unco pretty :

There, Learning, with his Greekish face,

Grunts out some Latin ditty ;

And Common Sense is gaun, she says,

To mak to *Jamie Beattie*

Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,

Embracing all opinions ;

Hear, how he gies the tither yell,

Between his twa companions !

See, how she peels the skin an' fell,

As ane were peelin' onions !

Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,

And banish'd our dominions,

Henceforth this day.

XIII.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !

Come bouse about the porter !

Morality's demure decoys

Shall here nae mair find quarter :

M'*****, R*****, are the boys

That Heresy can torture ;

They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,

And cove her measure shorter

By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,

And here's, for a conclusion,

To ev'ry *New-light* * mother's son,

From this time forth, Confusion :

If mair they deave us wi' their din,

Or Patronage intrusion,

We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,

We'll rin them aff in fusion

Like oil, some day. .

* *New-light* is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

T H E

C A L F.

*To the Rev. Mr ———, on his text,
MALACHI, ch. iv. vers. 2. ' And they
' shall go forth, and grow up, like
' CALVES of the stall.'*

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I'll prove it
true,
Tho' Heretics may laugh ;
For instance, there's yoursel just now,
God knows, an unco *Calf* !

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a *Stot*!

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear
Your But-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of *horns*.

And, in your lug, most reverend J——,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sence will doubt your claims
To rank among the *Nowte*.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'He're lies a famous *Bullock*!'

A D D R E S S

TO THE

D E I L.

*O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th'embattl'd Seraphim to war—*

MILTON.

O Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor, damned bodies be ;
I'm fure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
Far kend an' noted is thy name ;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
 Thou travels far ;
An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd I'empest flyin,
 Tirlin the kirks ;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend *Graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray ;

Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman !
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentín light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a rash-bufs, stood in fight,
Wi' waving fugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch, floor quaick, quaick,
Amang the springs,

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let *warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *bags*,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain ;
For, Oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill ;
An' dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse ;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantraip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin' icy-boord,
Then, *Water-kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'lers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traverfing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When *Masons* mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to h-ll.

Lang fyne, in *Eden's* bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,

An' all the Soul of Love they fhar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry fwaird,
In fhady bow'r :

Then you, ye auld, fnick-drawing dog !
Ye cam to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a curfed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a fhog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' fklented on the *man of Uzz*
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' hause an' hal',
While fcabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,

An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warft ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day *Michael* * did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will fend him linkin,
To your black pit ;
But, faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben* !
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *flake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake !

* Vide MILTON, Book VI.

T H E

DEATH AND DYING WORDS

O F

P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

AS *Mailie*, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she cooft a hitch,
An' owre she warl'd in the ditch :
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When *Hughoc* * he cam doytin by.

* A neibor herd-callan.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
 Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's ;
 He saw her days were near hand ended,
 But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it !
 He gaped wide, but naething spak,
 At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

' O thou, whase lamentable face
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
 My *dying words* attentive hear,
 An' bear them to my Master dear.

' Tell him, if e'er again he keep
 As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
 O, bid him never tie them mair
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !
 But ca' them out to park or hill,
 An' let them wander at their will :
 So may his flock increafe, an' grow
 To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo' !

' Tell him, he was a Master kin',
 An' ay was guid to me an' mine ;

An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him.

' O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers knives !
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel ;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rippis o' corn.

' An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *pets* !
To slink thro' flaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great Forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers :
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're
dead.

' My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !

An' warn him, what I winna name,
 To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
 Like ither menfeles, gracefess brutes.

' An' nieft my *yowie*, filly thing,
 Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up
 Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop ;
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thyfel !

' And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
 I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith :
 An' when you think upo' your Mither,
 Mind to be kind to ane anither.

' Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna fail
 To tell my Master a' my tale ;
 An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
 An' for thy pains thou'le get my blather.'

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
 An' clos'd her een amang the dead !

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' faut tears trickling down your
nose;

Our Bardie's fate is at a close,

Past a' remead !

The last sad cape-stane of his woes ;

Poor Mailie's dead !

Its no the loss o' warl's gear,

That could fae bitter draw the tear,

Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed :

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,

In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him ;

A lang half-mile she could descry him ;

Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,

She ran wi' speed ;

N

A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her *yowe*,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips ;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae yont the *Tweed* :
A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cros'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a *rape* !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape
For *Mailie* dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie *Doon* !
An' wha on *Ayr* your chanter's tune !
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed !
His heart will never get aboon !
His *Mailie's* dead !

T O

J. S * * * *

*Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of Life, and solder of Society !
I owe thee much——*

BLAIR.

DEAR S****, the fleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts ;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you ;

And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon :
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin ?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu'
cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an *aim* I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent*;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
' I red you, honest man, tak tent !
' Ye'll shaw your folly.

' There's ither Poets, much your betters,
' Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' letters,
' Hae thought they had enfur'd their debtors,
' A' future ages ;
' Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
' Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !

Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' Death begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound an' hale;
Then top and maintop croud the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, fae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,
That, wielded right,

Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life's day* draws near the
gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise;
An' fareweel dear, deluding *woman*,
The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,

Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves ;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
But care or pain ;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey :
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.
O

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal fwervin,
 They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
 They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
 E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs! and warm implore,
'Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
 'In all her climes,
'Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 ' Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds,
'Till icicles hing frae their beards;

‘ Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
‘ And Maids of Honor ;
‘ And yill an’ whisky gie to Cairds,
‘ Until they sconner.

‘ A Title, *Dempster* merits it ;
‘ A Garter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
‘ Gie Wealth to some be-ledger’d Cit,
‘ In cent. per cent. ;
‘ But give me real, sterling Wit,
‘ And I’m content.

‘ While Ye are pleas’d to keep me hale,
‘ I’ll sit down o’er my scanty meal,
‘ Be’t *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
‘ Wi’ chearfu’ face,
‘ As lang’s the Muses dinna fail
‘ To say the grace.’

An anxious e’e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
I jouk beneath Misfortune’s blows
As weel’s I may ;

Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool ! fool ! fool !
How much unlike !
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke !

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd, nameless faces !
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn baffles
Ye hum away.

Ye are fae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise* ;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rattling squad :
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
Content with *You* to mak a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

A

D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute
blames with reason ;'
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.*

[On reading, in the public Papers, the *Laureate's Ode*, with the other parade of June 4. 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following *Address*.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your *Majesty* !
May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes !

My Bardship here, at your Levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth fight to see,
Amang thae Birth-day drestes
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord an' lady ;
' God save the King ! ' 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy faid ay :
The *Poets*, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But ay unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me ! before a Monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Am I your humble debtor :

So, nae reflection on *Your Grace*,
Your Kingship to bespatter ;
There's monie waur been o' the Race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
My skill may weel be doubted :
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed :
Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' lefs, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation ;

But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my *Sire*,
Ye've trusted Ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
Her broken shins to plaister ;
Your fair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester :
For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
Or, faith ! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's Get,
A Name not Envy spairges)

That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges ;
But, G-d-fake ! let nae *saving-fit*
Abridge your bonie Barges
An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my *Liege* ! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection ;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection !
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your *Queen*, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent* !
While Nobles strive to please Ye,
Will Ye accept a Compliment
A simple Bardie gies Ye ?

Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze Ye
In blifs, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye
Frae Care that day.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W——,
I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,
That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known
To mak a noble *Aiver* ;
So, ye may doucely fill a Throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver :

There, Him * at *Agincourt* wha shone,
Few better were or braver ;
And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †,
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O——,
Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a drefs completer :
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then, fwith ! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth ! ye'll stain the Mitre
Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal *Tarry Breeks*, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her ;

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff. *Vide* Shakespeare.

A glorious *Galley* *, stem and stern,
Weel rigg'd for *Venus* barter ;
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upon her quarter
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye lastly, bonie blossoms a',
Ye royal Lassies dainty,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a plenty :
But sneer na *British* boys awa',
For Kings are unco scant ay ;
An' German Gentles are but *sma'*,
They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

XV.

God blefs you a' ! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet ;

* Alluding to the News-paper account of a certain
Royal Sailor's amour.

But ere the *course* o' life be through,

It may be bitter fautet :

An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,

That yet hae tarrow't at it ;

But or the *day* was done, I trow,

The laggen they hae clautet

Fu' clean that day.

T H E
V I S I O N.

D U A N F I R S T *.

TH E sun had clos'd the winter-day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flingin-tree*,
The lee-lang day had tir'd me ;

* *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, vol. 2. of M'Pherson's Translation.

And when the Day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
Ben i' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld, clay biggin;
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' done nae-thing,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank and clarkit
My cash-account :

While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-farkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be *rhyme-proof*
Till my last breath—

When click! the string the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish *Hizzie*, braw,
Come full in fight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Q

Green, slender, leaf-clad *Holly-boughs*
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some *Scottish Muse*,
By that same token ;
And come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon been broken.

A ' hair-brain'd, sentimental trace '
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a leg ! my bonie *Jean*
Could only peer it ;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her *Mantle* large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;

Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
A lustre grand ;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A *well-known* Land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost :
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam ;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd
floods ;
There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds :
Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
On to the shore ;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient *Borough* rear'd her head ;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a Race,

To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a Race * heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel
In sturdy blows ;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR †, mark him
well !
Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic swell ;

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal Preserver of Scottish Independence.

The Chief on *Sark* * who glorious fell,
In high command ;
And *He* whom ruthless Fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd *Pictish* † shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
In colours strong ;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

‡ Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,

* Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno* 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

† Coilus King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial place is still shown.

‡ Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood)
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

* With deep-struck, reverential awe,
The learned *Sire* and *Son* I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward † I well could spy,
Beneath old *Scotia's* smiling eye ;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
And Hero shone.

* Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present
Professor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.

D U A N S E C O N D.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming *Fair* ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder Sister's air
 She did me greet.

' All hail ! my own inspired Bard !
' In me thy native Muse regard !
' Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ' Thus poorly low !
' I come to give thee such reward
 ' As we bestow.

' Know, the great *Genius* of this Land
' Has many a light, aerial band,
' Who, all beneath his high command,
 ' Harmoniously,

‘ As Arts or Arms they understand,
‘ Their labors ply.

‘ They *Scotia's* Race among them share;
‘ Some fire the Soldier on to dare ;
‘ Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
‘ Corruption's heart :
‘ Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
‘ The tuneful art.

‘ 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
‘ Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
‘ They, fightless, stand,
‘ To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
‘ And grace the hand.

‘ And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
‘ Charm or instruct the future age,
‘ They bind the wild, Poetic rage
‘ In energy,
‘ Or point the inconclusive page
‘ Full on the eye.

‘ Hence, *Fullarton*, the brave and young;
‘ Hence, *Dempster’s* zeal-inspired tongue;
‘ Hence, sweet harmonious *Beattie* sung
 ‘ His “ Minstrel lays ;”
‘ Or tore, with noble ardour sung,
 ‘ The *Sceptic’s* bays.

‘ To lower Orders are assign’d
‘ The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
‘ The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,
 ‘ The Artisan ;
‘ All chuse, as, various they’re inclin’d,
 ‘ The various man.

‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
‘ The threat’ning Storm, some, strongly,
 ‘ rein ;
‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 ‘ With tillage-skill ;
‘ And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
 ‘ Blythe o’er the hill.

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile ;
‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile ;

‘ Some foothe the Lab’rer’s weary toil,
 ‘ For humble gains,
‘ And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.

‘ Some, bounded to a district-space,
‘ Explore at large Man’s infant race,
‘ To mark the embryotic trace
 ‘ Of *rustic Bard* ;
‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
 ‘ A guide and guard.

‘ *Of these am I—Coila* my name ;
‘ And this district as mine I claim,
‘ Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r :
‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour.

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
‘ Fond, on thy little, early ways,
‘ Thy rudely-caroll’d, chiming phrase,
 ‘ In uncouth rhymes,

‘ Fir’d at the simple, artless lays

‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,

‘ Delighted with the dashing roar ;

‘ Or when the North his fleecy store

‘ Drove thro’ the sky,

‘ I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar,

‘ Struck thy young eye.

‘ Or when the deep green-mantl’d Earth,

‘ Warm cherish’d ev’ry flow’ret’s birth,

‘ And joy and music pouring forth,

‘ In ev’ry grove,

‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth

‘ With boundless love.

‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,

‘ Call’d forth the Reaper’s rustling noise,

‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,

‘ And lonely stalk,

‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise,

‘ In pensive walk.

‘ When youthful Love, warm-blushing,
‘ strong,
‘ Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
‘ Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
‘ Th’ adored *Name*,
‘ I taught thee how to pour in song,
‘ To soothe thy flame.

‘ I saw thy pulse’s maddening play,
‘ Wild send thee Pleasure’s devious way,
‘ Missed by Fancy’s meteor-ray,
‘ By Passion driven;
‘ But yet the *light* that led astray
‘ Was *light* from Heaven.

‘ I taught thy manners-painting strains,
‘ The loves, the ways of simple swains,
‘ Till now, o’er all my wide domains,
‘ Thy fame extends;
‘ And some, the pride of *Coila*’s plains,
‘ Become thy friends.

‘ Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,
‘ To paint with *Thomson*’s landscape-glow;

‘ Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 ‘ With *Shenstone’s* art ;
‘ Or pour, with *Gray*, the moving flow,
 ‘ Warm on the heart.

‘ Yet, all beneath th’unrivall’d Rose,
‘ The lowly Daisy sweetly blows ;
‘ Tho’ large the forest’s Monarch throws
 ‘ His army shade,
‘ Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
 ‘ Adown the glade.

‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;
‘ Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s* mine,
 ‘ Nor King’s regard,
‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 ‘ A *rustic Bard*.

‘ To give my counsels all in one,
‘ Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
‘ Preserve *the dignity of Man*,
 ‘ With Soul erect ;

' And trust, the *Universal Plan*

' Will all protect.

' *And wear thou this*'—she solemn said,
And bound the *Holly* round my head :
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

U N C O G U I D,

O R T H E

R I G I D L Y R I G H T E O U S.

*My Son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither ;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wife anither :
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in ;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLOMON.—Ecclef. ch. vii. vers. 16.

I.

O Y E wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebours' fauts and folly !

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douse Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless fakes
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard
What maks the mighty differ ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,

And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
But, in the teeth o' baith to fail,
It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See Social-life and Glee fit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking :
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
D-mnation of expences !

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cafes ;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,

He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

T A M S A M S O N ' s *

E L E G Y.

An honest man's the noblest work of God—
POPE.

H A S auld K***** seen the Deil?
Or great M'***** † thrawn his
heel?

Or R***** ‡ again grown weel,
To preach an' read?

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last
muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's
phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ar-
dent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this
hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the
Million. *Vide* the ORDINATION, p. 85.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the
Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also
the ORDINATION, stanza IX.

'Na, waur than a' !' cries ilka chiel,
' *Tam Samson's* dead !'

K***** lang may grunt an' grane,
An' figh an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed ;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,
Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead ;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock ;
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome spied,
Wha will they station at the *cock*,
Tam Samson's dead ?

He was the king of a' the Core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like *Jebu* roar

In time o' need ;
But now he lags on Death's *hog-score*,
Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately Sawmont fail,
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And Eels weel kend for souple tail,
And Geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's *fish-creel* we wail
Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a' ;
Ye cootie Moorcocks, croufely crawl ;
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withoutten dread ;
Your mortal Fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,

While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed ;
But, Och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
Tam Samson's dead !

In vain Auld-age his body batters ;
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters ;
In vain the burns cam down like waters,
An acre-braid !
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,
' Tam Samson's dead !'

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide ;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-fwagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;

‘L—d, five!’ he cry’d, an’ owre did flag-
ger;

Tam Samson’s dead!

Ilk hoary Hunter mourn’d a brither;
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan’d a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare *Burns* has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson’s dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three vollies let his mem’ry crave
O’ pouter an’ lead,
Till Echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson’s dead!

Heav’n rest his faul, whare’er he be!
Is th’ wifh o’ mony mae than me:
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson’s dead!

T H E E P I T A P H.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, spare him !
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

P E R C O N T R A.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie* *,
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin !

* *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use
for the name of a certain town in the West.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood ; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations ; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.

H A L L O W E E N *.

*Yes ! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*
GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly courfers prance ;

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands ; particularly, those aerial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

Or for *Colean* the rout is taen,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
 There, up the *Cove* *, to stray an' rove,
 Amang the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonie, winding banks,
 Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where *BRUCE* † ance rul'd the martial
 ranks,
 An' shook his *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' haud their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

* A noted cavern near *Colean-house*, called the *Cove of Colean*; which, as well as *Cassilis Downans*, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of *ROBERT* the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of *Carrick*.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine ;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' :
 The lads fae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin
 Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks** maun a' be fought ance ;

* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoe*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly,
 the

They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
 For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A *runt* was like a fow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
 The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin,
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther :
 An' gif the *custock*'s sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door ; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their *stalks o' corn* * ;
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiutlin in the Fause-house †
 Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits* ‡
 Are round an' round divided,

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a Maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind : this he calls a *Fause-house*.

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They

An' monie lads an' lassies fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' *burn* thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa, wi' faucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part,
 Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
 To see't that night.

name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire ; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, an' swoor *by jing*,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in afe they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 An' slips out by hersel:
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
 Right fear't that night,

XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid L—d! but she was quaukin!

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, darkling, throw into the *pot* a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, *wha hauds?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and Surname of your future Spouse.

But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
' Will ye go wi' me, Graunie ?
' I'll *eat the apple* at the glass*,
' I gat frae uncle Johnie :'
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out thro' that night.

XIV.

' Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face !
' I daur you try sic sportin,

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass ;
eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you
should comb your hair all the time ; the face of your
conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as
if peeping over your shoulder.

‘ As seek the foul Thief onie place,
‘ For him to spae your fortune :
‘ Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight* !
‘ Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
‘ For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
‘ An’ liv’d an’ di’d deleeret,
‘ On sic a night.

XV.

‘ Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
‘ I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,
‘ I was a gilpey then, I’m sure
‘ I was na past fyfteen :
‘ The Simmer had been cauld an’ wat,
‘ An’ stuf was unco green ;
‘ An’ ay a rantin kirn we gat,
‘ An’ just on *Halloween*
‘ It fell that night.

XVI.

‘ Our Stibble-rig was Rab M’Graen,
‘ A clever, sturdy fallow ;

‘ His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi’ wean,
‘ That liv’d in Achmacalla :
‘ He gat *hemp-feed* *, I mind it weel,
‘ An’ he made unco light o’t ;
‘ But monie a day was *by himsel*,
‘ He was fae fairly frightened
‘ That vera night.’

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An’ he swoor by his conscience,
That he could *saw hemp-feed* a peck ;
For it was a’ but nonsense :

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-feed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, ‘ Hemp-feed I saw thee, Hemp-feed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.’ Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ‘ come after me and shaw thee,’ that is, show thyself ; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ‘ come after me and harrow thee.’

The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him ;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin ;
The *graip* he for a *barrow* taks,
An' haurls at his curpin :
And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
' Hemp-seed I saw thee,
' An' her that is to be my las,
' Come after me an' draw thee
' As fast this night.'

XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
To keep his courage cheary ;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was fae fley'd an' eerie :

Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation !
An' young an' auld come rinnin out,
An' hear the sad narration :
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean-M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till stop ! she trotted thro' them a' ;
An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
Asteer that night !

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
To *winn three wechts o' naething* * ;

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both

But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the *Barn* she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters :

doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible ; for there is danger, that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht* ; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times ; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

A *ratt*on rattl'd up the wa',
An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her !
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice ;
They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice* *,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin :
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, groufome Carlin ;
An' loot a winze, an' drēw a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlen ;
 But, Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin !
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed screevin,
 Whare *three Lairds' lands met at a burn**,
 To dip her left fark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three 'Lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake ; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon :
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-flane,
The *Luggies* three * are ranged ;

* Take three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul
water in another, and leave the third empty : blind-

And ev'ry time great care is taen,
 To see them duly changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary :

fold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged ; he (or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

Till *butter'd So'ns* *, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;
Syne, wi' a social glafs o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is
always the *Halloween Supper*.

THE
A U L D F A R M E R ' s
NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION
T O H I S
A U L D M A R E , M A G G I E ,

*On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn
to Hansel in the New-year.*

A *Guid New-year* I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a *ripp* to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like onie staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,

I've seen thee dappl't, fleck an' glaizie,
A bonie gray :
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird ;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my Guid-father's *Meere* ;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie :
Tho' ye was trickie, flee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;

But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonfie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride* :
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !
Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a faumont-coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin' !

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,
An' tak the road !
Town's-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow :
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed ;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle :
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' faugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,

An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brifket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' riskit,
An' flypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy *cog* a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My *Pleugh* is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurs't:

They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warft.

Monie a fair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought !
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat !
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last *fow*,
A heapit *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

(180)

T H E

C O T T E R ' s

SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq;

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respect-
ed friend !

No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
praise :

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless
ways,
What A**** in a Cottage would have
been ;
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
there, I ween !

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry fugh ;
The short' ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their
repose :
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his
hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
homeward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher
through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise
and glee.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's*
smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care be-
guile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and
his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the Farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some ten-
tie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-
grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in
her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new
gown,
Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hard-
ship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters
meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly
spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd
fleet ;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful
years ;
Anticipation forward points the view ;
The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,

Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's the
new ;
The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's com-
mand,
The youngkers a' are warned to obey ;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' fight, to jauk or
play :
' And O ! be sure to fear the LORD alway !
' And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and
' night !
' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
' Implore his counsel and assisting might :
' They never fought in vain that fought the
' LORD aright.'

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her
hame.

The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her
cheek,

With heart-struck, anxious care, enquires
his name,

While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae
wild, worthless Rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him
ben ;

A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's
eye ;

Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill taen ;

The Father cracks of horses, pleughs,
and kye.

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi'
joy,

But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel
behave ;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the Youth fae bashfu' and
fae grave ;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected
like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is
found !
O heart-felt raptures ! blifs beyond com-
pare !
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And sage *Experience* bids me this de-
clare——
' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
' spare,
' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
' In other's arms, breathe out the tender
' tale,
' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
' the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a
heart—

A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and
truth !

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling
smooth !

Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all ex-
il'd ?

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fond'ling o'er their
Child ?

Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their di-
straction wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple
board,

The healsome *Parritch*, chief of *Scotia's*
food :

The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her
 cood :

The Dame brings forth, in complimentary
 mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-
 buck, fell,

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid ;

The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, fin' Lint was
 i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle
 wide ;

The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's
 pride :

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in *Zion*
 glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care ;
' *And let us worship GOD !* ' he says, with
solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise ;

They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild-warbling measures
rise,

Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the
name ;

Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,

The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays :

Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;

The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures
raise ;

Nae unison hae they, with our *Creator's*
praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,

How *Abram* was the *Friend of GOD* on
high ;

Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
ire ;
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed ;
How *He*, who bore in heaven the second
name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His
head :
How His first followers and servants sped ;
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a
land :
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd
by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETER-
NAL KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*
prays :

Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant
wing*,'

That *thus* they all shall meet in future
days :

There, ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling Time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
pride,

In all the pomp of method, and of art,

* Pope's Windfor Forest.

When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
 The *Power*, incens'd, the Pageant will de-
 fert,

The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of
 the Soul ;

And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor
 enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
 way ;

The youngling Cottagers retire to rest:
 The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm re-
 quest,

That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous
 nest,

And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the
 best,

For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
' An honest man's the noble work of ' God :'
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

XX.

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to heaven
is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and
sweet content !
And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives
prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and
vile !
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou* ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy *Wal-*
lace' heart ;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part ;

(The Patriot's *God* peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
ward !)

O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert,
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-
Bard*,

In bright succession raise, her Ornament
and Guard !

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T O A

M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the
Plough, November 1785.*

WEE, fleekit, cawrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal* !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
 'S a sma' request ;
I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't !

Thy wee-bit *housie*, too, in ruin !
It's filly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel *coulter* past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me* !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear* !

A

WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed
 sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, de-
 fend you
 From seasons such as these——*

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and dour,
 Sharp shivers thro' the leafless
 bow'r;
 When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
 Far south the list,
 Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
 Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

Lift'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,

The blood-stain'd roof, and sheep-cote
 spoil'd,

My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain ;
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow-solemn, stole—

' Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier
 ' gust !
' And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost !
' Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
' Not all your rage, as now, united shows
 ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 ' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
' Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother
 ' Man bestows !

‘ See stern Oppression’s iron grip,
‘ Or mad Ambition’s gory hand,
‘ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
‘ Woe, Want, and Murder o’er a land!
‘ Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,
‘ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
‘ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by her side,
‘ The parasite empoisoning her ear,
‘ With all the servile wretches in the rear,
‘ Looks o’er proud Property, extended wide;
‘ And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
‘ Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,
‘ A creature of another kind,
‘ Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,
‘ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus
‘ vile, below !

‘ Where, where is Love’s fond, tender
‘ throe,
‘ With lordly Honor’s lofty brow,
‘ The pow’rs you proudly own ?
‘ Is there, beneath Love’s noble name,
‘ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
‘ To bless himself alone !

‘ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
‘ To love-pretending snares,
‘ This boasted Honor turns away,
‘ Shunning soft Pity’s rising sway,
‘ Regardless of the tears, and unavailing
‘ pray’rs !
‘ Perhaps, this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid
‘ nest,
‘ She strains your infant to her joyless
‘ breast,
‘ And with a Mother’s fears shrinks at the
‘ rocking blast !

‘ Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
‘ Feel not a want but what yourselves
‘ create,
‘ Think, for a moment, on his wretch-
‘ ed fate,
‘ Whom friends and fortune quite dis-
‘ own !
‘ Ill-satisfy’d, keen Nature’s clam’rous call,
‘ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself
‘ to sleep,

' While thro' the ragged roof and chinky
 ' wall,
 ' Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty
 ' heap!
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 ' Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
 ' Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ' The Wretch, already crushed low
 ' By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
 ' Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
 ' A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the
 ' blifs!'

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' all his works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

E P I S T L E

T O

D A V I E,

A

BROTHER POET.

January—

I,

WHILE winds frae off *Ben-Lomond*
blaw,

And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,

And hing us owre the ingle,

I set me down, to pass the time,

And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,

In hamely, westlin jingle.

While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
 That live fae bien an' snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker, and canker,
 To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shar'd ;
 How best o' chieles are whyles in want,
 While Coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't :
 But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na' *,
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;

* Ramfay.

The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distrefs !
Yet then content could make us blest ;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile :
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther we can' fa'.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal' ?

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In days when Daies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year :

On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune ;
Syne *rhyme* till't, well time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin muckle, *mair* :
It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest :
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest :

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang ;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while ?
Alas ! how aft, in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress !
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess !
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heaven or Hell ;
Esteeming, and deeming
It a' an idle tale !

VII.

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
 By pining at our state :
 And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of Age to Youth ;
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.

But tent me, *Davie*, Ace o' Hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
 And joys the very best.

There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*;
 The Lover an' the Frien' ;
 Ye hae your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean* !

It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name* ;
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above !
 O *Thou*, whose very self art *love* !
Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
 Or my more dear Immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief,
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r !
 Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

X.

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In ev'ry care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My *Davie*, or my *Jean* !

XI.

O, how that *name* inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin owre my pen.

My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het ;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit :
But least then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

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T H E

L A M E N T.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE

O F A

F R I E N D ' s A M O U R.

*Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe !*
HOME.

I,

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
Thou seest a Wretch, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep !

With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How *life* and *love* are all a dream !

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly-marked, distant hill ;
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
 Reflected in the gurgling rill.
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease !
Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning Peace !

III.

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim :
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
 The oft-attested Pow'rs above ;

The *promis'd Father's tender name* ;
These were the pledges of my love !

IV.

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown !
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone !
And, must I think it ! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast ?
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

V.

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth ?
Alas ! Life's path may be unsmooth !
Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share and make them less ?

VI.

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd,
And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom!

VII.

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, flow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

D d

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-won eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief;
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore affright:
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th'ex-
 panse,
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless
 sway!
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
 Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

X.

Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !

Scenes, never, never to return !

Scenes, if in stupor I forget,

Again I feel, again I burn !

From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,

Life's weary vale I'll wander thro' ;

And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn

A faithless woman's broken vow.

DESPONDENCY.

A N

O D E.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with
care,

A burden more than I can bear,

I set me down and sigh :

O Life ! thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,

To wretches such as I !

Dim-backward as I cast my view,

What sick'ning Scenes appear !

What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',

Too justly I may fear !

Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

II.

Happy ! ye sons of Busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,

The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream :
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
 As wand'ring, meandering,
 He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !

He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate ;
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

V.

Oh ! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown !
How ill exchange'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When Manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage ;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining *Age* !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

D I R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou ?

Began the rev'rend Sage ;

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began,

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of Man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride ;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

And ev'ry time has added proofs,

That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious, youthful prime !
Alternate Follies take the sway ;
Licentious Passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap careft ;

Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn !

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse, and Shame !
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;

And see his lordly *fellow-worm*,
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !

Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !

The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;

But, Oh ! a blest relief for those
That weary-laden mourn !

W I N T E R.

A

D I R G E,

I.

THE Wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
The blinding fleet and snaw :
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes
down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast, in covert, rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

' The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast *,
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear,
Than all the pride of May :
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty Scheme
These woes of mine fulfil ;
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will !
Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign* !

* Dr Young.

P R A Y E R,

I N T H E

P R O S P E C T O F D E A T H.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;

As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good* ; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly
scene ?

Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
tween ;

Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing
storms :

Is it departing pangs my foul alarms ?

Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging
rod.

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul of-
' fence !'

Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But, should my Author health again dis-
pense,

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ;
Again in Folly's path might go astray ;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy
pray,

Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's
plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temp-
tation ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !

If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to
blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong, furious passions to con-
fine ;

For all unfit I feel my powers be,
To rule their torrent in th'allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Di-*
vine !

Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night, the Author left the following Verses in the room where he slept :—

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st
above !

I know Thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O blefs her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a Parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps away.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A Family in Heaven !

T H E

F I R S T P S A L M.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that GOD the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A

P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of violent Anguish.

O Thou great Being ! what Thou art,
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distressed ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

G g

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine !

T H E

FIRST SIX VERSES

O F T H E

NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command :

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word ; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought ;
Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,
' Return ye into nought !'

Thou layest them with all their cares
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On turning one down, with the Plough, in
April 1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the hiftie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise ;

But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daify's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

T O

R U I N.

I.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall !
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of Grief and Pain,
A fullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;
For one has cut my *dearest* tye,
And quivers in my heart.

H h

Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *Storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
While Life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care !
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign Life's *joyless* day ?
My weary heart it's throbbings cease,
Cold-mould'ring in the clay ?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped,
Within thy cold embrace !

T O

M I S S L—,

*With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-Year's
Gift. Jan. 1. 1787.*

A GAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our Sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

E P I S T L E

T O A

Y O U N G F R I E N D .

May——1786.

I.

I Lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind *memento* ;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world foon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble fet your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked :
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer :

A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it :
I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
The hazard of concealing ;
But Och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Affiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by Honor :
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
Let that ay be your border :
It's slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' fide-pretences ;
And resolutely keep it's laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *Creature* ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature ;

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded ;
But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
A Conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser ;
And may ye better reckon the *rede*,
Than ever did th' Adviser !

O N A

SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me !
Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore ;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
In social key ;

I i

For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea !

The bonie lassies weel may wis him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him
That's owre the Sea !

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea ;
But he was gleg as onie wumble,
That's owre the Sea !

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear :
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee :
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea !

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
 An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under biding* ;
 He dealt it free :
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel ;

Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee ;
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing* billie !
Your native foil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea !

T O A

H A G G I S.

F AIR fa' your honest, sonfie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm :
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready flight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright
 Like onie ditch;
 And then, O what a glorious fight,
 Warm-reekin, rich !

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
 Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums;
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
 Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
 Or *olia* that wad staw a sow,
 Or *fricassée* wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect sconner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
 On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
 As feckless as a wither'd rash,

His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whifsle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will fned,
Like taps o' thrifsle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis* !

A

DEDICATION

TO

G***** H***** Esq;

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;
Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and fae are *ye*,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do--maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou;
 For me ! fae laigh I need na bow,
 For, LORD be thankit, *I can plough*;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, LORD be thankit, *I can beg*;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 It's just *sic Poet* an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him !
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he shou'd be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain, he winna tak it ;
 What ance he says, he winna break it ;

Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a Brother to his back ;
 Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that taks the *door* ;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone ;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
 No matter—stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile
 graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' Parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs o' *C-lv-n*,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him ;

While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;
 But when Divinity comes cros me,
 My readers still are fure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
 And your Petitioner shall ever——
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say :
 For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
 But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 ' May K*****'s far-honour'd name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****'s, at least a diz'n,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labors risen :
 ' Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 ' And sev'n braw Fellows, stout an' able,
 ' To serve their King an' Country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
 ' Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

}

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 With complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor ?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, thro' the tender-gushing tear,
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend* and
Brother !

T O A

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairlie:

I canna say but ye strut rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
 Attended, in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor ?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
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 Should recognise my *Master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *Friend* and
Brother !

T O A

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairlie:
I canna say but ye strut rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations ;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' fight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight ;
Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmoft, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose
out,
As plump an' gray as onie grozet :
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o'r,
Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy ;

Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat ;
But Mifs's fine *Lunardi* ! fie !
How daur ye do't ?

O, *Fenny*, dinna tofs your head,
An' fet your beauties a' abroad !
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin !
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin !

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

E D I N A ! *Scotia's* darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise ;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
With open arms the Stranger hail ;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale :
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
And never may their sources fail !
And never envy blot their name !

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,

Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude Fortrefs gleams afar ;
 Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar ;
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing War,
 And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home ;

Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
Their royal Name low in the dust !
Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
Haply *my Sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your Fathers led !

VIII.

Edina! *Scotia's* darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatt' red flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

E P I S T L E

T O

J. L * * * * K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1. 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines bud-
ding green,
An' Paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,
And morning Pouffie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin ;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt ;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang* about.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife :
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd fae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
' Or Beattie's wark ?'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
An' fae about him there I spier't ;

Then a' that ken't him round declar'd,
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was fae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' fangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,

Yet crooning to a body's fel,
Does weel eneugh:

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
'You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
'To mak a *sang*?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools;
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest Nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers:

M m

A set o' dull, conceited Hafhes,
Confuse their brains in College-classes !
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Affes,
Plain truth to speak ;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek !

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spark o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld an' flee,
Or bright *L*****k's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it !
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few,

Yet, if your catalogue be fow,
I'll no insist ;
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel,
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me ;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair :
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* Race or *Mauchline* Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there ;
We'll gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,

An' hae a swap o' *rhyming-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart ;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plack* !
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
' Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers !

But to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grifsle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me ffsle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whifsle,
Your friend and servant,

T O T H E S A M E.

April 21. 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the
stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld L*****k,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,

My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezi'd hizzie,
She's fast at best an' something lazy,
Quo' she, ' Ye ken we've been fae busy
 ' This month an' mair,
' That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
 ' An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad !
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 ' This vera night ;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,
 ' But rhyme it right.

' Shall bauld L*****k, the king o' hearts,
' Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
' Roose you fae weel for your deserts,
 ' In terms fae friendly,
' Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
 ' An' thank him kindly !'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An, down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
Quoth I, ' Before I fleep a wink,
 ' I vow I'll close it ;
' An' if ye winna mak it clink,
 ' By Jove I'll prose it !'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
 Let time mak proof ;
But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp ;
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*
 Wi' gleesome touch !
Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp* ;
 She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ;

But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow !

Now comes the fax an' twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
An' muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A Bailie's name ?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'd fark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,

While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks ?

‘ O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift !
‘ Gie me o’ wit an’ sence a lift,
‘ Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
‘ Thro’ Scotland wide ;
‘ Wi’ cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
‘ In a’ their pride !’

Were this the *charter* of our state,
‘ On pain o’ hell be rich an’ great,’
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead ;
But, thanks to Heav’n, that’s no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
‘ The social, friendly, honest man,
‘ Whate’er he be,
‘ ’Tis *he* fulfils *great Nature’s plan*,
‘ And none but *he*.’

O Mandate, glorious and divine !
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an'
growl,
Their worthless nievesfu' of a foul
May in some *future carcase* howl,
The forest's fright ;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *L*****k* and *B****** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year !

T O

W. S * * * * N, Ochiltree.

May 1785.

I G A T your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be filly,
 An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

But I'fe believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, fidelins sklented
 On my poor Musie ;
'Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame ;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson* ! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O sad disease !)
I kittle up my *rustic reed* ;
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila*, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Bardies o' her ain,

Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,

But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again

Her weel-sung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in-measur'd style ;

She lay like some unkend-of-istle

Befide *New Holland*,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil

Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*

Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;

Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,

Owre Scotland rings,

While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,

Naebody sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,

Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line ;

But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,

An' cock your crest,

We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Suthron billies.

At *Wallace's* name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace's* side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd !

O sweet are *Coila's* haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*

Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature* ! a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night !

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang ;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch an' strive,

Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither!
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal :
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*,

P O S T S C R I P T.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
I had amaißt forgotten clean,

Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light* *,
'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammar*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new ane.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang ;
O o

* See note page 91.

An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *berds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' fight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The *berds* an' *bissels* were alarm'd;
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae lefs to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-flowe,
Till now amais't on ev'ry knowe
Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin ;
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin ;
Myself, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' gairnin spite,
To hear the *Moon* fae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns !
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns

Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them ;
An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi'
them,

Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they'll crouch !

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie,

E P I S T L E

T O

J. R * * * * *

Inclosing some Poems.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun an'
drinkin !

There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* * an' tricks
Will fend you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making
a noise in the country-side.

Ye hae fae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, druken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
An' fill them fou ;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrify, in mercy spare it !
That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
Spare't for their fakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in *black* ;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaith-
ing,
Is just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' Saunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair ;

Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon *Sang* * ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' danc'd my fill !
I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
A bonie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
But, Deil-ma-care !

* A *song* he had promised the Author.

Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
'That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorn'd to lie ;
So gat the whisle o' my goat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' fwear !
The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
For this, nieft year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'fe hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea ;
'Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers ;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers !

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time's expedient :
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

P p

JOHN BARLEYCORN*.

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song
known by the same name.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And fore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full fore ;
They hung him up before the storn,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They tofs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They waisted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprife,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A

F R A G M E N T.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our Pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man :
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man ;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :

But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man ;
 Till *Willie H--e* took o'er the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man :
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
 But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man ;
 And *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thraw, man :
 For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;
 An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game ;
 Till Death did on him ca', man ;
 When *Sh-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man :
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *N-rth* an' *F-x* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's* Boy did ca', man ;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !
 ' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rth, F-x, and Co.*
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,

Till *Suthron* raife, an' cooft their claife
Behind him in a raw, man :
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

S O N G.

Tune, Corn rigs are bonie.

I.

IT was upon a Lammis night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie :
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
Till 'tween the late and early ;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :

I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kifs'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My bleffings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !
She ay shall blefs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinking ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, I had a horse, I had nae mair.

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring
guns

Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove
at night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The Plover loves the mountains ;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring Hern the fountains :

Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
 The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel fway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But, *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of Nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer !

R r

Thro' lofty groves the Cushtat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
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So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer !

R r

S O N G.

Tune, *My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill ;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashers, O ;
Green grow the rashers, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry
han',

In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chafe,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;

An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you fae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O :
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

S O N G.

Tune, *Jockey's Gray Brecks.*

I.

A GAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

C H O R U S *.

*And maun I still on Menie † doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!*

* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Marianne*.

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

V.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,

Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daify's side,
And mounts and sings on flitting wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree ;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still on Menie doat,

And bear the scorn that's in her e'e !

For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,

An' it winna let a body be.

S O N G.

Tune, *Roslin Castle*.

I.

TH E gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The Hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt'ed coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

, III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The Wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

S O N G.

Tune, *Gilderoy*.

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore :
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee.

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
'The maid that I adore !
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more !
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

(333)

T H E

F A R E W E L L.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

Tune, Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.

I.

A DIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye* !

Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy !

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',

With melting heart, and brimful eye,

I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your focial Band,
And fpent the chearful, feftive night ;
Oft, honour'd with fupreme command,
Prefided o'er the *Sons of light* :
And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *Craftsmen* ever faw !
Strong Mem'ry on my heart fhall write
Thofe happy fcenes when far awa !

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the *grand Design*,
Beneath th' Omnifcient Eye above,
The glorious *Archite&t* Divine !
That you may keep th'*unerring line*,
Still rifing by the *plummet's law*,
'Till *Order* bright completely fhine,
Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

IV.

And *You*, farewell ! whofe merits claim,
Juftly that *bigheft badge* to wear !

Heav'n blefs your honour'd, noble Name,
To *Mafonry* and *Scotia* dear !
A laft request permit me here,
When yearly ye afsemble a',
One *round*, I afk it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard that's far awa.*

S O N G.

*Tune, Prepare, my dear brethren, to the
tavern let's fly, &c.*

I.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to
write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my
care.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that
are there,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and
care.

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his
horse ;

There Centum per Centum, the Cit with
his purse ;

But see you the Crown how it waves in
the air,

There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my
care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;

For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;

I found that old Solomon proved it fair,

That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all
care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;

A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;

But the purfy old landlord just waddl'd up
stairs,

With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

* Life's cares they are comforts *—a ma-
xim laid down
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore
the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a
hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge:

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'er-
flow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and
Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with
care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

E P I T A P H S.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep ;
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnnie !
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and at-
tend !
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous
Friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no hu-
man Pride ;

The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;
' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's
' side *.

FOR R. A. Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd :
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be sav'd or d——d!

* Goldsmith.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And *softer flame* ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*
 Is Wisdom's root.

F I N I S.

The poor Infirmitie below
Was quick to learn and wile to know,
And soonly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless folks laid him low,
And staid his name.

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Lies fancy's flight beyond the pole,
Or dartsing gives this earthly hole,
Know, prudent, calm, contrivance,
Is Quaker's root.



W. 1. 2

GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scotch language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scotch words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scotch diphthongs, *ae*, always, and *ea* very often, sound like the French *é* masculine. The Scotch diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A ', all
 Aback, away, aloof
 Aboon, above, up
 Abeigh, at a lhy distance
 Abreed, in breadth
 Abread, abroad, in sight
 Ae, one
 Aft, oft

Aften, often
 Aff, off, *Aff-loof*, unpremeditated
 Afore, before
 Agley, off the right line, wrong
 Aiblins, perhaps
 Aits, oats
 Airn, iron
 Aith, an oath

U u

Ain, own
 Aiver, an old horse
 Aizle, a hot cinder
 Alake, alas
 Alane, alone
 Amang, among
 Amaist, almost
 An', and, if
 Ane, one, an
 Ance, once
 Anither, another
 Artfu', artful
 Ase, alhes
 Asteer, abroad, stirring
 Auld, old
 Auld-farran, or auld-far-
 rant, sagacious, cunning,
 prudent
 Aught, eight, possession, as
in a' my aught, in all my
 possession
 Ava, at all
 Awa, away
 Awn, the beard of barley,
 oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded
 Awfu', awful
 Awkart, aukward
 Ayont, beyond

B

B A', ball
 Bawf'nt, having a white
 stripe down the face
 Barkit, barked
 Barkin, barking
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bainie, having large bones,
 stout
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
 Bauld, bold, *Bauldly*, boldly

Barefit, bare-footed
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Batts, botts
 Bade, endured, did stay
 Bang, an effort
 Bairn, a child
 Bairntime, a family of chil-
 dren, a brood
 Baudrons, a cat
 Barmie, of, or like barm
 Bauk, a cross beam, *Bauk-*
en', the end of a beam
 Bad, did bid
 Baggie, the belly
 Bashfu', bashful
 Backlins-comin, coming
 back, returning
 Be, *to let be*, to give over,
 to cease
 Beuk, a book
 Behint, or behin', behind
 Be't, be it
 Ben, into the *spence* or par-
 lour
 Belyve, by and by
 Beet, to add fuel to fire
 Beastie, *dimin.* of beast
 Benlomond, a noted moun-
 tain in Dunbartonshire
 Belly-fu', belly-full
 Bethankit, the grace after
 meat
 Befu', to befall
 Billie, a brother, a young
 fellow
 Big, to build, *Biggit*, build-
 ed
 Biggin, building, a house
 Bicker, a kind of wooden
 dish, a short race
 Birkie, a clever fellow
 Bing, a heap of grain, po-
 tatoes, &c.



- Bill, a bull
 Bizz, a bustle, to buzz
 Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring
 Bit, crisis, nick of time
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful
 Biel, or bield, shelter
 Blastit, blasted
 Blastie, a shrivell'd dwarf, a term of contempt
 Blink, a little while, a smiling look; to look kindly, to shine by fits
 Blinker, a term of contempt
 Blinkin, smirking
 Bluid, blood; *Bluidy*, bloody
 Blather, the bladder
 Blaw, to blow, to boast
 Blether, to talk idly; nonsense
 Bleth'rin, talking idly
 Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap
 Blate, bashful, sheepish
 Bleezin, blazing
 Blessin, blessing
 Blusht, did blush
 Blype, a shired, a large piece
 Bleatin, bleating
 Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the King's birthday, a blue cloke or gown with a badge
 Bonie, or bony, handsome, beautiful
 Bonilie, handsomely, beautifully
 Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread
 Bother, to pother
 Bodle, a small old coin
 Boortrie, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
 Boord, a board
 Botch, an angry tumour
 Boost, behoved, must needs
 Bow-kail, cabbage
 Bow't, bended, crooked
 Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently
 Bocked, gushed, vomited
 Braw, fine, handsome
 Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
 Breakin, breaking
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brunstane, brimstone
 Breeks, breeches
 Brugh, a burgh
 Brust, to burst
 Brither, a brother
 Braid, broad
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags
 Breathin, breathing
 Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
 Brig, a bridge
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Brewin, brewing
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Brak, broke, made insolvent
 Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell
 Brunt, did burn
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill
 Brachens, fern
 Broose, a race at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom's

- house on returning from church
 Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury
 Braindge, to run rashly forward
 Braindg't, reeled forward
 Brisket, the breast, the bosom
 Breastit, did spring up or forward
 Breastie, *dimin.* of breast
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-built
 Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evening
 Bummin, humming as bees
 Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
 Burnewin, *i. e.* burn the wind, a blacksmith
 Bustle, a bustle; to bustle
 But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
 Buskit, dressed
 Bumme, to blunder
 Bummler, a blunderer
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
 But, without
 Bure, did bear
 Byre, a cow-stable
 By himsel, lunatic, distracted

C

CA', to call, to name, to drive

- Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved
 Caressin, caressing
 Cauld, cold
 Cantie or canty, chearful, merry
 Caup, a wooden drinking vessel
 Carlin, a stout old woman
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently
 Cadie, or caddie, a person, a young fellow
 Caller, fresh, sound
 Cam, did come
 Canna, cannot
 Carryin, carrying
 Cantharidian, made of cantharides
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Caudron, a caldron
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell
 Cape-stane, cope-stone, key-stone
 Caird, a tinker
 Caff, chaff
 Careerin, chearfully
 Cartes, cards
 Cadger, a carrier
 Callan, a boy
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow
 Chiel or cheel, a young fellow
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side
 Chuffie, fat-faced
 Chantin, chanting
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
 Chokin, choking

- Chearfu', chearful
 Chimla or chimlie, a fire grate
 Chimla-lug, the fireside
 Cheekit, cheeked
 Chittering, shivering, trembling
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day
 Claw, to scratch
 Claife or claes, cloaths
 Claith, cloth, *claitbing*, cloathing
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell
 Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet
 Clithmaclaver, idle conversation
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the Devil
 Clips, sheers
 Claut, to clean, to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Clarkit, wrote
 Clap, clapper of a mill
 Cleed, to clothe
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
 Clock, to hatch; a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs
 Comin, coming
 Countra, country
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cor-house* or cottage
 Cood, the cud
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
 Commaun, command
 Cozie, snug, *coziely*, snugly
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a fall a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cove, a cavern
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish; *also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, are said to be cootie*
 Cooft, did cast
 Cowte, a colt
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Cowrin, cowering
 Coaxin, wheedling
 COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, faith tradition, from Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch
 Crack, conversation; to converse
 Crackin, conversing
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
 Crouse, chearful, courageous
 Crouslly, chearfully, courageously
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel

Crankous, fretful, *captious*
 Crushin, crushing, crusht,
 crushed

Crap, a crop, the top

Cronie, crony

Crowdie time, breakfast time

Crump, hard and brittle,
spoken of bread

Croon, a hollow continued
 moan; to make a noise
 like the continued roar of
 a bull, to hum a tune

Crooning, humming

Creeshie, greasy

Craft or croft, a field near
 a house, *in old husbandry*

Creel, a basket; *to have one's*
wits in a creel, to be craz'd,
 to be fascinated

Craw, a crow *of a cock*, a rook

Crouchie, crook-backed

Cranreuch, the hoar frost

Crambo-clink or crambo-
 jingle, rhymes, doggerel
 verses

Crowlin, crawling

Creepin, creeping

Crood, or croud, to coo as a
 dove

Crunt, a blow on the head
 with a cudgel

Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny

Curchie, a courtesy

Curmurring, murmuring;
 slight, rumbling noise

Curling, a well known game
 on ice

Curler, a player at ice

Curpin, the crupper

Cummock, a short staff with
 a crooked head

Curle, curled, whose hair
 falls naturally in ringlets

Cushat, the dove or wood
 pigeon

D

DAFT, merry, giddy,
 foolish

Daffin, merriment, foolish-
 ness

Darg or daurk, a day's la-
 bour

Dawd, a large piece

Daud, to thrash, to abuse

Dawit or dautet, fondled,
 caressed

Dainty, pleasant, good hu-
 moured, agreeable

Dancin, dancing

Darklins, darkling

Daur, to dare, *daur't*, dared

Dappl't, dappled

Daimen, rare, now and then;
daimen-icker, an ear of
 corn now and then

Daddie, a father

Dearies, *dimin.* of dears

Dearthfu', dear

Deil-ma-care! no matter!
 for all that!

Deave, to deafen

Devel, a stunning blow

Deleeret, delirious

Deservin, deserving

Delvin, delving

Describe, to describe

Disrespecket, disrespected

Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen

Dirl, a slight tremulous
 stroke or pain

Ding, to work; to push

Dinna, do not

Dight, to wipe, to clean
 corn from chaff; cleaned
 from chaff

Dimpl't, dimpled
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy
 Doited, stupified, hebetated
 Doylt, stupified, crazed
 Douce, or douse, sober, wise,
 prudent
 Doucely, soberly, prudently
 Dorty, saucy, nice
 Dow, am or are able to, can
 Downa, am or are not able,
 cannot
 Dought, was or were able
 Dolefu', doleful
 Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen
 Dowie, worn with grief,
 fatigue, &c.
 Donsie, unlucky
 Dowff, pithless, wanting
 force
 Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*,
 to lament, to mourn
 Drap, a drop; to drop
 Drapping, dropping
 Drumlie, muddy
 Druken, drunken
 Drouth, thirst, drought
 Drinkin, drinking
 Dryin, drying
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping
 Drift, a drove
 Drunt, pet, sour humour
 Dreadfu', dreadful
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops
 at the crupper
 Dribble, drizzling, flaver
 Drummock, meal and water
 mixed raw
 Droddum, the breech
 Dub, a small pond
 Duds, rags, clothes

Duddie, ragged
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven
 Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.
 Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox,
 &c.

E

E 'E, the eye, *een*, the eyes
 Eerie, frightened, *dread-*
ing spirits
 E'enin, evening
 Eild, old age
 Elbuck, the elbow
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
 En', end
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
 Eneugh, enough
 Ensuin, ensuing
 Especial, especially
 Eydent, diligent

F

F A', fall, lot; to fall
 Fae, a foe
 Faithfu', faithful
 Fash, trouble, care; to
 trouble, to care for
 Fash't, troubled
 Fawfont, decent, seemly
 Faem, foam
 Farl, a cake of bread
 Fairin, a fairing, a present
 Fareweel, farewell
 Fallow, fellow
 Faut, fault
 Faddom't, fathomed
 Fac't, faced
 Fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.
 Fasten-*een*, Fastens-Even
 Fand, did find

- Fauld, a fold; to fold
 Faulding, folding
 Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder;
 a wonder, a term of con-
 tempt
 Fecht, to fight, *fechtin*, fight-
 ing
 Fend, to live comfortably
 Feide, feud, enmity
 Feat, neat, spruce
 Fear't, frightened
 Fearfu', frightful
 Fetch, to pull by fits
 Fetch't, pulled intermittently
 Peg, a fig
 Feckfu', large, brawny,
 stout
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly
 Fell, keen, biting; the flesh
 immediately under the
 skin; a field pretty level
 on the side or top of a
 hill
 Fient, fiend, *a petty oath*
 Fizz, to make a hissing
 noise like fermentation
 Fit, a foot
 Fittie-lan', the near horse
 of the hindmost pair in
 the plough
 Fier, sound, healthy; a bro-
 ther, a friend
 Fidge, to fidget
 Fidgin, fidgeting
 Fissle, to make a rustling
 noise, to fidget; a bustle
 Flatterin', flattering
 Fleg, a kick, a random
 blow
 Flunkie, a servant in livery
 Fley, to scare, to frighten
 Fley'd, frightened, scared
 Flyin, flying
 Fleesh, a fleece
 Flingin-tree, a piece of tim-
 ber hung by way of par-
 tition between two horses
 in a stable, a flail
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke
 Fliskit, fretted
 Flichter, to flutter *as young*
nestlings when their dam
approaches
 Flichterin, fluttering
 Flinders, shreds, broken
 pieces
 Fleech, to supplicate in a
 flattering manner
 Fleechin, supplicating
 Flainen, flannel
 Flether, to decoy by fair
 words
 Fletherin, flattering
 Flitter, to vibrate like the
 wings of small birds
 Flittering, fluttering, vibra-
 ting
 Forgather, to meet, to en-
 counter with
 Fou, full, drunk
 Foughten, troubled, harassed
 Formin, forming
 Forbye, besides
 Forfairn, distressed, worn
 out, jaded
 Foord, a ford
 Forbears, forefathers
 Foamin, foaming
 Fow, a bushel, &c.
 Forgie, to forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fa-
 tigue
 Frae, from
 Freath, froth
 Frien', friend
 Fu', full
 Fur, a furrow
 Furm, a form, a bench

Fud, the scut of the hare,
coney, &c.

Fuff, to blow intermittently

Fuff't, did blow

Funnie, full of merriment

Fyle, to soil, to dirty

Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

Fyften, fifteen

Fyke, trifling cares; to
piddle, to be in a fufs a-
bout trifles

G

G A B, the mouth; to
speak boldly or pertly

Gang, to go, to walk

Gash, wife, sagacious, talka-
tive; to converse

Gashin, conversing

Gaucy, jolly, large

Gae, to go, *gaed*, went,
gaen or *gane*, gone, *gaun*,
going

Gaet or gate, way, manner,
road

Gatherin, gathering

Gar, to make, to force to

Gar't, forced to

Garten, a garter

Geordie, a guinea

Gear, riches, goods of any
kind

Gentles, great folks

Get, a child, a young one

Geck, to toss the head in
wantonness or scorn

Ged, a pike

Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave,
Gi'en, given

Gimmer, a ewe from one
to two years old

Gin, if, against

Gizz, a periwig

Girn, to grin, to twist the
features in rage, agony,
&c.

Girnin, grinning

Gipsy, a young girl

Gillie, *dimin.* of gill

Giftie, *dimin.* of gift

Ghaist, a ghost

Gloamin, the twilight

Glunch, a frown; to frown

Glib-gabbet, that speaks
smoothly and readily

Glint, to peep, *Glinted*, peep-
ed, *Glintin*, peeping

Glowr, to stare, to look,
a stare, a look

Glowr'd, looked, stared

Glowrin, staring

Glaikit, inattentive, foolish

Gleg, sharp, ready

Glaizie, glittering, smooth
like glass

Gley, a squint; to squint,
Agley, off at a side,
wrong

Gowan, the flower of the
daisy, dandelion, hawk-
weed, &c.

Gowk, a cuckoo, a term
of contempt

Gowl, to howl

Gowling, howling

Gowd, gold

Gowff, the game of golf;
to strike, *as the bat does*
the ball at golf

Gowff'd, struck

Grane or grain, a groan;
to groan

Grain'd, groaned

Graining, groaning

Grushie, thick, of thriving
 growth
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Grievin, grieving
 Graith, accoutrements, fur-
 niture, dress
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunt-
 ing noise
 Gracefu', graceful
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Gree't, agreed
 Grannie, a grandmother
 Gracefu', graceful
 Grape, to grope, *grapit*,
 groped
 Grippet, caught, seized
 Graip, a pronged instru-
 ment for cleaning stables
 Grumphy, a sow
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
 Grousome, loathsome, grim
 Grunstone, a grindstone
 Grozet, a gooseberry
 Grissle, gristle
 Gratefu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, *to bear the*
gree, to be decidedly victor
 Grun', ground
 Groat, *to get the whistle of*
one's groat, to play a losing
 game
 GUDE, the SUPREME BEING;
 good
 Gusty, tasteful
 Gully, or gullie, a large
 knife
 Guid, good, *Guid-mornin*,
 good morrow, *Guid-een*,
 good evening
 Guidman and *Guidwife*, the
 master and mistress of the
 house, *Young Guidman*, a

man newly married
 Guidfather, Guidmither,
 father-in-law and mother-
 in-law
 Gumlie, muddy

H

HA', hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had, *the participle*
 Hame, home, *Hameward*,
 homeward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han', or haun, hand
 Haith, a petty oath
 Haet, *sient haet*, a petty oath
 of negation, nothing
 Haughs, low-lying rich
 lands, valleys
 Hash, a sot
 Haud, to hold
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop,
 skip, and leap
 Hap, an outer garment,
 mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap,
 to cover, to hop
 Happing, hopping
 Hafflins, nearly half, partly
 Hain, to spare, to save,
hain'd, spared
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one*
with a white face
 Hal', or hald, an abiding place
 Havins, good manners, de-
 corum, good sense
 Harkit, harkened
 Happer, a hopper
 Hag, a scar or gulf in
 mooses and moors
 Haverel, a half-witted per-
 son; half-witted

Hairst, harvest
 Hauri, to drag, to peel
 Haurlin, peeling
 Hastit, hastened
 Hallan, a particular partition
 wall in a cottage
 Ha' bible, the great bible
 that lies in the hall
 Haffet, the temple, the side
 of the head
 Haggis, a kind of pudding
 boiled in the stomach of
 a cow or sheep
 Hech! Oh! strange!
 Hearse, hoarse
 Het, hot
 Hersel, herself
 Herrin, a herring
 Herry, to plunder, *most pro-*
perly to plunder bird-nests
 Herryment, plundering, de-
 vastation
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise
 Heather, heath
 Hecht, to foretell something
 that is to be got or given;
 foretold; the thing foretold
 Heapit, heaped
 Herd, to tend flocks; one
 who tends flocks
 Healsome, healthful, whole-
 some
 Hear't, hear it
 Hellim, the rudder or helm
 Himsel, himself
 Hizzie, huffy, a young girl
 Hirpl, to walk crazily, to
 creep, *Hirplin*, creeping
 Hing, to hang
 Hitch, a loop, a knot
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt

Hilchin, halting
 Histic, dry, chapt, barren
 Hissel, so many cattle as one
 person can attend
 Howk, to dig, *Howkit*, dig-
 ged, *Howkin*, digging
 Howdie, a midwife
 Hoddin, the motion of a
 sage country man riding
 on a cart-horse
 Hornie, one of the many
 names of the Devil
 Houghmagandie, fornica-
 tion
 Howe, hollow; a hollow,
 or dell
 Howe-backit, sunk in the
 back, *spoken of a horse, &c.*
 Hove, to heave, to swell
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled
 Hoyse, a pull upwards
 Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
 Hoordet, hoarded
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely;
Hoolie! take leisure! stop!
 Host, or hoast, to cough,
Hostin, coughing
 Hog-score, a kind of dis-
 tance line, in curling,
 drawn across the *rink*
 Hoy, to urge, *Hoy't*, urged
 Hool, outer skin or case
 Hoyte, to amble crazily
 Housie, *dimin.* of house
 Horn, a spoon made of
 horn
 Hog-shouther, a kind of
 horse play by jostling with
 the shoulder; to jostle
 Hurdies, the loins, the crup-
 per
 Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I

I', In
 Ier-oe, a great grand-child
 Icker, an ear of corn
 Ilk or ilka, each, every
 Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
 Indentin, indenting
 Ingle, fire, fire-place
 Ingine, genius, ingenuity
 I'se, I shall or will
 Ither, other, one another

J

JAD, jade ; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl
 Jaup, a jerk of water ; to jerk as agitated water
 Jauk, to dally, to trifle
 Jaukin, trifling, dallying
 Jaw, coarse raillery ; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk, *as water*
 Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner ; a sudden turning a corner
 Jinkin, dodging
 Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag
 Jimp, to jump ; slender in the waist, handsome
 Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
 Jirt, a jerk
 Jinglin, jingling
 Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head
 Jocteleg, a kind of knife
 Jokin, joking
 Joyfu', joyful
 Jundie, to juggle
 Jumpit, did jump
 Jumpin, jumping

K

KAE, a daw
 Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
 Kail, coleworts, a kind of broth
 Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort
 Kebbuck, a cheese
 Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't*, knew
 Kennin, a small matter
 Keek, a peep ; to peep
 Keepit, kept
 Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms
 Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool
 Kin', kind
 Kilt, to truss up the cloaths
 Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn ; to churn
 Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread ; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
 Kittle, to tickle ; ticklish, likely
 Kittlin, a young cat
 King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
 Kin, kindred

Kiutle, to cuddle
 Kiutlin, cuddling
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety
 Kirsen, to christen
 Kimmer, a young girl, a
 gossip
 Kist, chest, a shop-counter
 Knaggie, like *knags* or points
 of rocks
 Knappin-hammer, a hammer
 for breaking stones
 Knowe, a small round hillock
 Kye, cows
 Kythe, to discover, to show
 one's self
 KYLE, a district of Ayrshire
 Kyte, the belly

L

L AN', land, estate
 Lang, long, *to think*
lang, to long, to weary
 Lap, did leap
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
 Laverock, the lark
 Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
 Laughin, laughing
 Lawfu', lawful
 Lapfu', lapful
 Laigh, low
 Lane, lone, *my lone, thy lane,*
 &c. myself alone, &c. thy-
 self alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely
 Lallan, Lowland, *Lallans,*
 Scotch dialect
 Laggen, the angle between
 the side and bottom of a
 wooden dish
 Lave, the rest, the remain-
 der, the others

Laith, loath
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish
 Lairing, wading and sink-
 ing in snow, mud, &c.
 Laddie, *dimin.* of lad
 Lee-lang, live-long
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Leeze me, a phrase of con-
 gratulatory endearment
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
 ing
 Lea'e, to leave
 Leister, a three-pronged
 dart for striking fish
 Leugh, did laugh
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
 at
 Limmer, a kept-mistress; a
 strumpet
 Livin, living
 Link, to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Limpit, limp'd, hobbled
 Linn, a water-fall
 Lint, flax, *lint in the bell*, flax
 in flower
 Lift, the sky
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to
 sing
 Lintwhite, a linnet
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Looves, *plural of loof*
 Lowe, a flame; to flame
 Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Low'd, loosed
 Loot, did let
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuf-
 fin, a woman of easy vir-
 tue

Lowrie, *abbreviation of Lawrence*

Lug, the ear, a handle

Lugget, having a handle

Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle

Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke

Luntin, smoking

Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

Lum, the chimney

Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

M

MAE, more
Maist, most, almost

Maistly, mostly

Maun, must

Mair, more

Mak, to make, *makin*, making

Mashlum, messin, mixed corn

Manteele, a mantle

Maw, to mow, *marwin*, mowing

Maukin, a hare

Mallie, Molly

Mar's year, the rebellion
A. D. 1715

Mark, marks, *this and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers*

Mask, to mash, *as malt*, &c.

Maskin-pat, a tea pot

Mang, among

Mavis, the thrush

Mell, to meddle

Men', to mend

Messin, a small dog

Melvie, to soil with meal

Mense, good manners, decorum

Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent

Melancholious, mournful

Meere, a mare

Mither, a mother

Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed

Mim, prim, affectedly meek

Mindfu', mindful

Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly

Misca', to abuse, to call names

Misca'd, abused

Min', mind, remembrance

Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending

Middin, a dunghill

Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill

Minnie, mother, dam

Misteuk, mistook

Morn, the next day, to-morrow

Moudiewort, a mole

Mony, or monie, many

Moistify, to moisten

Mournfu', mournful

Moop, to nibble as a sheep

Mottie, full of moths

Mou, the mouth

Mousie, *dimin.* of mouse

Moorlan, of or belonging to
moors

Muckle, or meikle, great,
big, much

Mutchkin, an English pint

Muslin-kail, broth composed
simply of water, shelled
barley and greens

Musie, *dimin.* of muse

Myself, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor

Nae, no, not any

Nane, none

Naething, or naithing, no-
thing

Naig, a horse

Neebor, a neighbour

Needfu', needful

Negleckit, neglected

Neuk, nook

Niest, next

Nieve, the fist

Nievesu', handful

Niger, a negroe

Nine tailed cat, a hangman's
whip

Niffer, an exchange ; to ex-
change, to barter

Nit, a nut

Nowte, black cattle

Norland, of or belonging to
the North

Notic't, noticed

Nor-west, North-west

Noteless, unnoticed, un-
known

O

O' , Of

Observin, observing

Ony, or onie, any

Or, *is often used for* ere, be-
fore

O't, of it

Ourie, shivering, drooping

Oursel, or oursels, ourselves

Outler, not housed

Owre, over, too

Owre hip, a way of fetch-
ing a blow with a ham-
mer over the arm

P

PACK, intimate, fami-
liar ; twelve stones of
wool

Painch, paunch

Parliamentin, at parliament

Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a
well known Scotch dish

Pang, to cram

Paukie, cunning, sly

Paughty, proud, haughty

Paitrick, a partridge

Pat, did put ; a pot

Pay't, paid, beat

Pattle, or pettle, a plough-
staff

Pech, to fetch the breath
short as in an asthma

Pechan, the crop, the sto-
mach

Pettle, to cherish ; a plough-
staff

Pet, a domesticated sheep,
 &c.
 Peelin, peeling
 Pensivelic, pensively
 Phraife, fair speeches, flat-
 tery; to flatter
 Phraisin, flattery
 Pit, to put
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pickle, a small quantity
 Platie, *dimin.* of plate
 Plack, an old Scotch coin
 Plackless, pennyless
 Pliskie, a trick
 Plew, or pleugh, a plough
 Plumpit, did plump
 Placad, a public proclama-
 tion
 Poortith, poverty
 Powther, or pouthier, powder
 Pouthery, like powder
 Pouk, to pluck
 Pou, to pull
 Pou't, did pull
 Poussie, a hare or cat
 Pownie, a little horse
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Pout, a poult, a chicken
 Prayin, praying
 Pridefu', proud, saucy
 Proveses, provosts
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
 Priggin, cheapening
 Pryin, prying
 Prief, proof
 Prent, print
 Propone, to lay down, to
 propose
 Primie, demure, precise
 Prie, to taste
 Prie'd, tasted
 Preen, a pin

Pund, pound, pounds
 Puddin, pudding
 Pyle, a *pyle o' chaff*, a single
 grain of chaff

Q

QUAT, to quit
 Quak, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quey, a cow from one year
 to two years old

R

RAM-Feez'l'd, fatigued,
 overspent
 Rantin, ranting
 Ramblin, rambling
 Rattlin, rattling
 Raucle, rash, stout, fearless
 Raw, a row
 Raible, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, to roar, *rair't*, roared,
rairing, roaring
 Rax, to stretch
 Rash, a rush, *rash* *bush*,
 a bush of rushes
 Ram-stam, forward, thought-
 less
 Rarely, excellent, very well
 Ragweed, the plant ragwort
 Ratton, a rat
 Raught, reached
 Raize, to madden, to en-
 flame
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled
 Ream, cream
 Reek, smoke; to smoke,
reekin, smoking, *reekit*,
 smoked, smoky
 Receivin, receiving
 Red-wud, stark-mad

Remead, remedy
 Remarkin, remarking
 Reest, to stand restive
 Reestit, stood restive, stunted, withered
 Reave, to rob
 Requit, requital
 Rest, torn, ragged
 Restricket, restricted
 Reck, to heed
 Rede, counsel ; to counsel
 Refus't, refuse it
 Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running
 Ridin, riding
 Rip, a handful of unthresh-ed corn, &c.
 Rink, the course of the stones, *a term in curling*
 Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
 Rig, a ridge
 Rowte, to low, to bellow
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rowth, plenty
 Roupet, hoarse, *as with a cold*
 Rowe, to roll, to wrap
 Row't, rolled, wrapped
 Roamin, roaming
 Rood, *stands likewise for the plural roods*
 Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
 Roose, to praise, to commend
 Rozet, rosin
 Roon, a shred, a remnant
 Rung, a cudgel
 Runkl'd, wrinkled
 Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
 Rustlin, rustling
 Rhymin, rhyming

S

S, Is
 Sae, so
 Sang, a song
 Sair, to serve ; fore
 Sairly or fairlie, sorely
 Sair't, served
 Saul, soul
 Saunt, a saint
 Sark, a shirt
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Saft, soft
 Saw, to sow
 Sawin, sowing
 Sax, six
 Saut, salt, *sautet*, salted
 Saumont, salmon
 Saugh, the willow
 Scone, a kind of bread
 Scrieve, to glide swiftly along
 Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly
 Screechin, screeching
 Screed, to tear ; a rent
 Scar, to scare
 Scauld, to scold, *scaulding*, scolding
 Scawl, a scold
 Scaud, to scald
 Scaur, apt to be scared
 Scornfu', scornful
 Scrimp, to scant, *scrimpet*, did scant, scanty
 Sconner, a lothing ; to lothe
 Scaich, to scream *as a hen*, *partridge*, &c.
 Scaichin, screaming
 Sel, self, *a body's sel*, one's self alone
 Sets, *sets aff*, goes away
 See'd, did see
 Settlin, settling, *to get a*
 Y y

- fettlin*, to be frightened in-
 to quietness
 Sell't, did sell
 Seizin, seizing
 Servan', servant
 Sen', to send, *sen't*, send it
 Shaw, to show ; a small
 wood in a hollow place
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
 Shootin, shooting
 Shouther, the shoulder
 Shoon, shoes
 Sheep-shank, *to think one's*
self nae sheep-shank, to be
 conceited
 Shore, to offer, to threaten
 Shot'd, offered
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one
 end for putting the tail
 of a dog, &c. into, by
 way of mischief, or to
 frighten him away
 Shaver, a humorous wag,
 a barber
 Shog, a shock
 Sheen, bright, shining
 Sherra-moor, Sherriff-moor,
the famous battle fought in
the Rebellion, A. D. 1715
 Shool, a shovel
 Shaird, a shred, a shard
 Shill, shrill
 Sic, such
 Simmer, summer
 Siller, silver, money
 Sittin, sitting
 Sin', since
 Sin, a son
 Sicker, sure, steady
 Sinfu', sinful
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
 Sinkin, sinking
 Skriegh, a scream; to scream
 Skaith, to damage, to injure;
 injury
 Sklent, slant ; to run a slant,
 to deviate from truth
 Sklented, ran or hit in an
 oblique direction
 Sklentin, slanting
 Skelpie-limmer, a technical
 term in female scolding
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high-
 mettled
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
 Skirl't, shrieked
 Skirling, shrieking, crying
 Skelp, to strike, to slap ; to
 walk with a smart trip-
 ping step ; a smart stroke
 Skelpin, slapping, walking
 smartly
 Slaw, flow
 Slae, sloe
 Slap, a gate, a breach in a
 fence
 Slade, did slide
 Stee, fly, *fleeest*, flyest
 Slype, to fall over *as a wet*
furrow from the plough
 Slypet, fell
 Sleekit, sleek
 Slidderly, flippery
 Sma', small
 Smiddy, smithy
 Smytrie, a numerous collec-
 tion of small individuals
 Smoor, to smother, *moor'd*,
 smothered
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene,
 ugly
 Smeddum, dust, powder ;
 mettle, sense
 Snaw, snow ; to snow
 Snawie, snowy
 Snaw-broo, melted snow

- Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
 Sneeshin, snuff, *sneeshin-mill*,
 snuff-box
 Snowk, to scent or snuff *as*
a dog, horse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed
 Snick-drawing, trick-con-
 triving
 Snick, the latchet of a door
 Snoove, to go smoothly and
 constantly, to sneak
 Snoov'r, went smoothly
 Snell, bitter, biting
 Sned, to lop, to cut off
 Snool, one whose spirit is
 broken with oppressive fla-
 very; to submit tamely,
 to sneak
 Sonfie, having sweet, enga-
 ging looks; lucky, jolly
 Sowther, folder; to folder,
 to cement
 Souple, flexible, swift
 Soom, to swim
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small
 quantity of any thing li-
 quid
 Sootie, footy
 Sobbin, sobbing
 Sowth, to try over a tune
 with a low whistle
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath
 Souter, a shoemaker
 Spaul, a limb
 Speakin, speaking
 Spier, to ask, to enquire
 Spier't, enquired
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery;
will o' wisp or ignis fatuus
 Sportin, sporting
 Spak, did speak
 Springin, springing
 Speel, to climb
 Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch
 Speat, a sweeping torrent at-
 ter rain or thaw
 Spairge, to dash, to soil *as*
with mire
 Spitelu', spiteful
 Spence, the country par-
 lour
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant
 something like rushes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaviet, having the spavin
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a
 noise
 Splatter, a splutter; to
 splutter
 Spring, a quick air in mu-
 sic, a Scotch reel
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squeel, a scream, a screech;
 to scream
 Squatter, to flutter in water
as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did
 stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stroan, to spout, to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Stents, tribute, dues of any
 kind
 Steek, to shut; a stitch
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Startle, to run *as cattle slung*
by the gadfly
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Sturt, trouble; to molest

- Sturtin, frightened
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stell, a still
 Stoup or stowp, a kind of
 jug or dish with a handle
 Straik, to stroke, *fraikit*,
 stroked
 Stampin, stamping
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stap, to stop
 Strae, straw, to die a fair
frae death, to die in bed
 Strack, did strike
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay,
 &c.
 Streek, stretched, to stretch,
streekit, stretched
 Staumrel, half-witted
 Stoure, dust, *more particular-*
ly dust in motion
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a
 year old
 Stot, an ox
 Stoor, sounding hollow,
 strong and hoarse
 Straught, straight
 Stock, a plant of colewort,
 cabbage, &c.
 Starvin, starving
 Stringin, stringing
 Startin, starting
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Stown, stolen
 Stownlins, by stealth
 Stuff, corn or pulse of any
 kind
 Stibble, stubble, *stibble rig*,
 the reaper, in harvest,
 who takes the lead
 Strunt, spiritous liquor of
 any kind; to walk sturdily
 Staggee, *dimin.* of stag
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stank, a pool of standing
 water
 Stark, stout
 Stey, steep, *steyest*, steepest
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stimpert, the eighth part
 of a Winchester bushel
 Strappan, tall and hand-
 some
 Strewin, strewing
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to
 limp
 Stockin, stocking
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stick an' stow, totally, al-
 together
 Sucker, sugar
 Sugh, the continued rush-
 ing noise of wind or
 water
 Suthron, southern, an old
 name for the English
 nation
 Sud, should
 Swap, an exchange; to
 barter
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying
 blast or pool, a knot in
 wood
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots
 Swither, to hesitate in
 choice; an irresolute wa-
 vering in choice
 Swank, stately, jolly
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight
 strapping young fellow or
 girl
 Swatch, a sample
 Swith! get away!
 Swinge, to beat, to whip
 Swingein, beating, whipping

Swaird, sword
 Swat, did sweat
 Swervin, swerving
 Swoor, swore, did swear
 Swall'd, swelled
 Sweer, lazy, averse, *dead-
 sweer*, extremely averse
 Sweatin, sweating
 Syne, since, ago, then

T

TAE, a toe, *three tae'd*,
 having three prongs
 Tauted, or tautie, matted
 together, *spoken of hair or
 wool*
 Tak, to take, *takin*, taking
 Tangle, a sea weed
 Tauld, or tald, told
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's
 allowance
 Tarrow't, murmured
 Talkin, talking
 Tawie, that allows itself
 peaceably to be handled,
spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
 Tap, the top
 Taupie, a foolish, thought-
 less young person
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish
 Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy
 Tarry-brecks, a sailor
 Tent, a field pulpit, heed,
 caution; to take heed
 Tentie, heedful, cautious
 Tentless, heedless
 Teugh, tough, *teughly*,
 toughly
 Teat, a small quantity
 Tearfu', tearful
 Ten hours bite, a slight feed
 to the horses while in the
 yoke in the forenoon

Thack, thatch, *thack an'
 rape*, cloathing, necessaries
 Thrang, throng, a croud
 Thegither, together
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thae, these
 Thrissle, thistle
 Throuther, pell-mell, con-
 fusedly
 Thinkin, thinking
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thieveless, cold, dry, spited,
*spoken of a person's de-
 meanour*
 Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
 Thankit, thanked
 Through, to go on with, to
 make out
 Threshin, thrashing
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
 strings
 Themsel, themselves
 Thyself, thyself
 Thud, to make a loud, in-
 termittent noise
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist,
 to contradict
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
 contradicted
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Threteen, thirteen
 Thankfu', thankful
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
 Thowless, slack, lazy
 Threap, to maintain by dint
 of assertion
 Thir, these
 Tither, the other
 'Timmer, timber, *Timmer-
 propt*, propped with timber
 Till't, to it

Tinkler, a tinker
 Tine, to lose, *Tint*, lost
 Tippence, two-pence
 Tittle, to whisper
 Tittlin, whispering
 Tirl, to make a slight noise,
 to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tip, a ram
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toom, empty
 Tout, the blast of a horn or
 trumpet; to blow a horn,
 &c.
 Tow, a rope
 Toddle, to totter like the
 walk of a child
 Toddlin, tottering
 Tod, a fox
 Toop, a ram
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-
 house
 Tocher, marriage portion
 Toyte, to totter like old age
 Towmond, a twelvemonth
 Toy, a very old fashion of
 female head-dress
 Trahtrie, trash
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath
 Tryin, trying
 Trow, to believe
 Transmugrify'd, transmi-
 grated, metamorphosed
 Trig, spruce, neat
 Trimly, excellently
 Trottin, trotting
 Trickie, full of tricks
 Try't, tried
 Tunefu', tuneful
 Tug, raw hide, *of which, in*
 old times, flough traces were
 frequently made
 Tulzie, a quarrel; to quar-

rel, to fight
 Twa, two
 Twa-three, a few
 Twal, twelve, *Twalpennie-*
 worth, a small quantity,
 a penny-worth
 Twin, to part
 'Twad, it would
 Tyke, a dog

U

U NCOS, news
 Unco, strange, un-
 couth, very, very great,
 prodigious
 Undoin, undoing
 Unskaith'd, undamaged, un-
 hurt
 Uncaring, disregarding
 Unkenn'd, unknown
 Upo', upon

V

V AP'RIN, vapouring
 Vera, very
 Virl, a ring round a column,
 &c.

W

W A', wall, *Wa's*, walls
 Wae, woe; sorrow-
 ful
 Wad, would; to bet; a
 bet, a pledge
 Wadna, would not
 Wastrie, prodigality
 Warl, or warld, world
 Warly, worldly, eager on
 amassing wealth

Wark, work
Wark-lume, a tool to work
with

Warst, worst

Wale, choice; to chuse

Wal'd, chose, chosen

Wame, the belly, *Wamefou'*,
a bellyfull

Warran, a warrant; to
warrant

Wabster, a weaver

Wauken, to awake

Waefucks! or waes me! alas!
O the pity!

Waur, worse; to worst

Waur't, worsted

Warlock, a wizzard

Warstl'd, or warst'd, wrestled

Wanrestfu', restless

Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I
know

Wanchancie, unlucky

Water-brose, *brose* made of
meal and water simply
without the addition of
milk, butter, &c.

Waukit, thickened, *as fullers*
do cloth

Wauble, to swing, to reel

Wattle, a twig, a wand

Wair, to lay out, to expend
Walie, ample, large, jolly;
also an interjection of dis-
tress

Wast, the woof

Wailfu', wailing

Wee, little, *Wee-things*, little
ones, *Wee-bit*, a small mat-
ter

Weel, well, *Weelfare*, well-
fare

Wean, or weanie, a child

Weason, weasand

We'se, we shall

Wearie, or weary, *monie* a
wearie body, many a dif-
ferent person

Weet, rain, witness

Wha, who

Whase, whose

Whare, where, *Whare'er*,
wherever

Whyles, whiles, sometimes

Whistle, a whistle; to whistle

Whang, a leathern string, a
piece of cheese, bread, &c.
to give the strappado

Wheep, to fly nimbly, to
jerk, *Penny wheep*, small
beer

Whun-stane, a whin-stone

Whirlygigums, useless orna-
ments, trifling appendages

Whigmeleeries, whims, fan-
cies, crotchets

Whisht! silence! *to hold one's*
whisht, to be silent

Whaizle, to wheeze

Whisk, to sweep, to lash

Whiskit, lashed

Whid, the motion of a hare
running but not frightened,
a lie

Whiddin, running as a hare
or coney

Whitter, a hearty draught
of liquor

Whatreck, nevertheless

Whalpit, whelped

Wi', with

Win', wind, *Win's*, winds

Wimple, to meander

Wimpl't, meandered

Wimplin, waving, meander-
ing

Winna, will not

Winnock, a window

Winkin, winking
 Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, *a term in curling*
 Withoutten, without
 Win, to wind, to winnow
 Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*
 Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
 Winze, an oath
 Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Wiffe, *a diminutive or endearing term for wife*
 Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk
 Wifs, to wish
 Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted
 Wæsfu', woeful
 Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation
 Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully
 Woo', wool
 Woer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
 Worset, worsted
 Wordy, worthy
 Wrack, to tease, to vex
 Wrang, wrong; to wrong
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow

Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death
 Wud, mad, distracted
 Wumble, a wimble
 Wyte, blame; to blame
 Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

Y

YEAR, *is used for both sing. and plur. years*
 Yell, barren, that gives no milk
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed
 Yestreen, yesternight
 Yealings, born in the same year, coevals
 Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for *Thou*
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
 Yoursel, yourself
 Yont, beyond
 Youthfu', youthful
 Yokin, yoking, a bout
 Yowe, a ewe
 Yowie, *dimin. of yowe*
 Yule, Christmas



F I N I S.

